

Silent Worker

SOUVENIR NUMBER

Published by the New Jersey School for the Deaf

Vol. XXIX. No. 1

Trenton, N. J., October, 1916

5 Cents a Copy

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



While New Jersey was one of the original thirteen colonies, and, from the first, had been in the foremost rank in matters educational, and, while one of the thirteen had founded a school for deaf children as early as 1817, it was not until three quarters of a century after that the Trenton school opened its doors. The perennial obstructionist who argued that it would be better to have the work done in the large schools of Pennsylvania and New York succeeded in deferring the day, but, in 1882, our commonwealth awoke to its duty, and an act of the legislature passed in the spring of that year provided for the establishment of such a school. The primary object of the school was "to furnish to the indigent deaf and dumb children of the state the best known facilities for the enjoyment of such a share of the benefits of the system of free public education established in the state as their afflicted condition will admit of." The age at which they were entitled to admission was set at eight years, and an eight-year course of instruction was allowed.

There had been for some years in Chambersburg, then a suburb of Trenton, a Soldiers' orphans Home, the province of which was to care for and educate the children of fathers who had been killed in the war of the rebellion. At the time of the passage of the law providing for a "State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," these orphans had grown to manhood and womanhood, and, for the purposes of its establishment, its usefulness was gone. The building thus occupied was decided upon as the most available one, at the time, and the following year, 1883, our school was thrown open to the "children of silence" of the state. Mr. Weston Jenkins of the great New York school at Fanwood, assisted in the organization, and was later, by unanimous vote, appointed Superintendent. His whole teaching staff at first, consisted of but five, and he began his work with an enrollment of but sixty-eight children.

Mr. Jenkins was a scholarly gentleman, and in his earliest reports we find the fullest discussions of every matter effecting the deaf, his disquisitions upon the use of signs, oral methods, the employment of deaf teachers, the value of the audiometer and audiphone, the deaf-mute intellect, the uses of visible speech and the dangers of a deaf species being full, forceful and convincing.

The wisdom of the selection of Mr. Jenkins as superintendent was soon apparent. In the choosing of his teachers, and in the arrangement of his curriculum the hand of the master was seen, and in a very short time the New Jersey School took an honored place among the schools of the land. It was unfortunate in its setting,

the building being old, illy-appointed, and illy-adapted, and, like the diamond set in lead, did not, at once, show its true worth, but the sterling work done soon began to make its impress upon the deaf of the state, and in ten years the number of pupils had increased from sixty-eight to double

pioneer, it being many years afterwards that manual training began to find its way into the other schools of the state.

Beginning with some of the female pupils "learning to perform many of the different kinds of house-work," and a few of the older boys being

"daily employed in the repairing of shoes," it yearly grew in importance until five handicrafts were being successfully taught, and the necessity for more space had become absolute. The need was met in the year 1895 by the erection just south of the Main Building, of a complete industrial department in which there, also, was equipped a fine gymnasium for the physical training of the boys and girls.

A splendid flag-pole, 150 feet in height, o'ertopping any in the city was placed in position, on the front lawn, during this year, also, a flag-pole that, a few years later, was destroyed by a bolt of lightning.

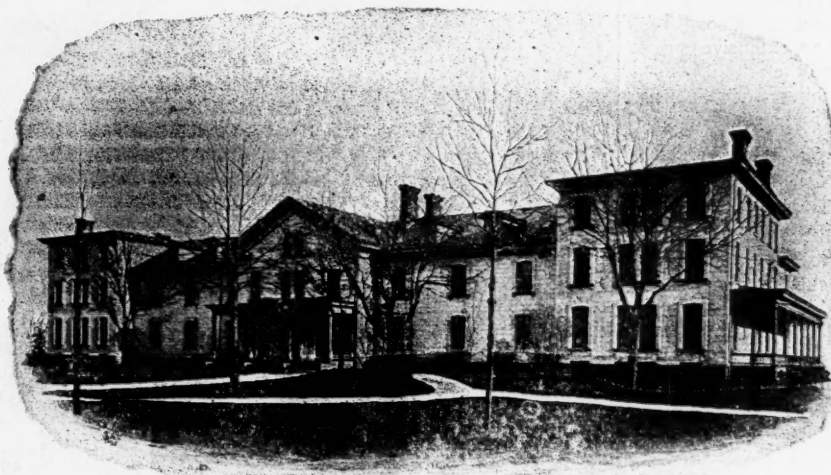
Not only had all the pupils, male and female, been housed

in the one building, and all of the academic work and trade teaching been carried on in it; but the still more unfortunate condition had existed that one of the upper rooms, not at all isolated, had been used as the infirmary. This latter was scarce equal to the daily needs of so many children. It failed utterly when contagion entered. Three years after the completion of the industrial department, the attention of the legislature was attracted by the extraordinary death-rate and, in 1898, there arose upon the east lawn the splendid hospital building which still meets every need of the children.

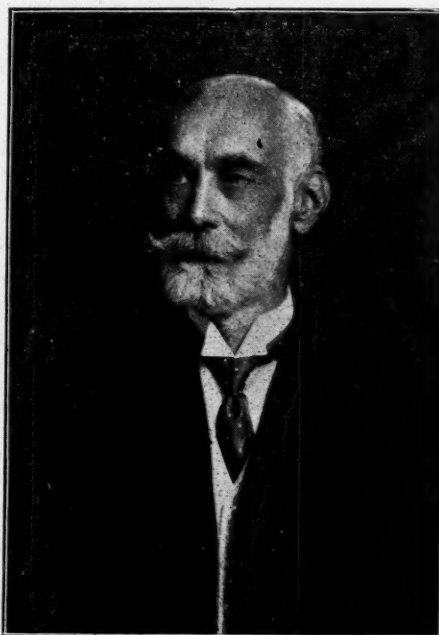
The year 1899 witnessed the retirement of Mr. Jenkins, after an incumbency extending over a period of sixteen years. He was succeeded by Mr. John P. Walker who had previously been connected for many years with the great institution at Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania, first as a teacher in the academic department and later as the principal of the industrial department of that school.

The foundation of the work had been well laid and it was easy for the newly elected head to continue it, on gradually broadening lines.

The glaring defects of the main building, which served for administration purposes and contained the dormitories and school-rooms, naturally were the first things to attract the attention of the new incumbent and in his first report he says:—"I would beg most earnestly to urge the erection of such buildings, in the near future, as shall fully provide for our needs. Our main building, the school and dormitory hall, has been made, for almost two decades, to do a work entirely foreign to the intent of its designers and builders, one, indeed for which it is almost as illy adapted as a building could possibly be. It was originally but a make-shift for the purpose, the idea



As the School Looked Twenty-five years ago.



THE LATE WESTON JENKINS
The First Superintendent

that number. All were housed under the one roof, the male and female departments being separated only by a stairway, and the industrial training was carried on, as well as the academic, in the one building.

From the very first, trade-teaching had a prominent place, and in this the school was the

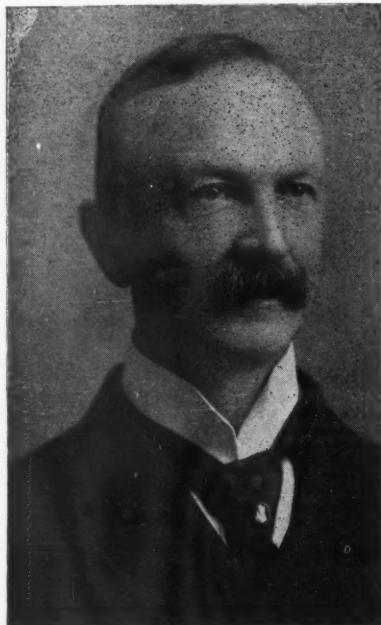
THE SILENT WORKER

being but to occupy it temporarily and until proper facilities could be afforded, and the splendid Commonwealth it represents has, for all these years, allowed to pass unnoticed the deficit and the fact that in no other State in the Union of any importance are the deaf struggling for an education under circumstances so adverse. A lack of study-room, insufficient light, improper ventilation, antiquated and untoward arrangements of all kinds, make an absolute clog to the work, and render extremely difficult the task of grounding our little ones in that education that shall fit them for life. The necessity for more room is a pressing one, and one for which the State can scarce refuse longer to provide."

The lack of machinery in the various work-rooms was next noted as a radical defect, and a special committee consisting of the Hon. James M. Seymour and the Hon. Wm. D. Forbes was appointed in 1900 to ascertain the needs of the laundering plant. The necessary machinery was at once installed, with the result that the output was doubled and the value of the instruction greatly increased. Just at this juncture, also, Mr. D. F. Walker, of Philadelphia, an extensive dealer in machinery in that city, visited the school, and, passing through the wood-working department, casually inquired whether there was anything in the machinery line that was especially needed. The superintendent mentioned a half dozen machines that he thought would be very useful, and, in a few days they were installed, a gift from the generous visitor. A little later, in 1906, a McKay stitcher was added to the equipment of the shoe-making department, and the press-room received that most valuable of all accretions, a linotype. At that time, but one other school for the deaf in the world could boast of the possession of one of these machines. In 1913,

a second linotype was added, and the New Jersey school stood alone in having two of them.

The earnest appeal of the superintendent, for



MR. JOHN PENNINGTON WALKER
The Second Superintendent

a new building, contained in his first report and repeated in almost every subsequent one, was finally answered, and, in 1913, a fine new boys

dormitory, containing a large locker-room, a spacious reading-room and two sleeping rooms, with accommodations for 120 boys, was opened. An appropriation for a similar wing for the girls has been made and when these are united by an appropriate centre containing the much-needed dining-room and the as-much-needed assembly-room, the children will have the space and conveniences they so long have needed.

The completed buildings and the nine acres upon which they are located constitute one of the beauty spots of Trenton. The whole block is laid out in attractive lawns, in the eastern section of which there are 21 species of trees, including a beautiful red beach to the memory of Mr. James M. Seymour and a fine Norway maple named in honor of J. Bingham Woodward, men whose lives were largely devoted to the welfare of the deaf of our state. On the southern end there is a splendid grove of oak.

A library of some four thousand volumes, and a choice collection of engravings are educational agencies that have been largely increased during the past decade, while the motion picture course of lectures established by the Hon. John P. Murray, during his term as Chairman of the Committee on the school, has proved of a value that can scarce be estimated.

After a service of seventeen years, Mr. Walker, the second to hold the position of superintendent of the school, presented his resignation, to take effect on the 1st of August, 1916, and on that date, Mr. Walter M. Kilpatrick who had been appointed to succeed him, entered upon his duties. Mr. Kilpatrick brings to the position fine abilities and long experience. He is by nature and by nurture an educator and the New Jersey School enters upon the fourth year of its fourth decade with every promise of future success. W.

The Varied Life of One Deaf Man

By T. d'Estrella in California News



THE life-sketch of Joseph J. DeWolfe is interesting because unique, simply for the reason that the greater part of his life has been spent at sea.

He was born in East Newark, N. J., on March 30, 1870. His parents were French. When he was seven years old, he fell from a three-story dwelling and by the fall lost his hearing. A little later on the family moved to San Francisco. There the boy attended public schools with his older sister. After a few months' trial, he entered this school, September 15th, 1877. Because he could speak, he did not like to be in a class of the deaf. He was hard to manage. He was perpetually in motion, and prone to mischief. He could be jolly and good natured when he chose. He was not very fond of either study or hard work. He had a strong love for out-door life. Although he did not care to play ball, yet he delighted in athletics, especially on the horizontal bar. While he was at home on the bar and never suffered an injury, a number of the other boys got more or less injured and even had limbs fractured.

Joseph left school at the age of fifteen because his mother needed him for help. He worked in the old Golden Gate Flour Mill where his uncle was the superintendent. In the meantime he attended a night school three years to prepare himself for entering Head's Business College. However, he was denied admission into the college. Next he worked in the Pacific Iron and Nail factory in Oakland and did so well that he became a head copper.

After the factory was shut down, he went East. As soon as he saw that there was no good chance to get work there, he came back to San Francisco. For the next five years, he underwent varying experiences at different places. He worked for his

father on one of his pile-drivers along the wharves in the bay.

At odd times he learned to row on a pile-driver's punt. At one time he had rigged up a sail on a punt and he could not manage his craft. So it drifted out into the Golden Gate with the strong tide, but fortunately was picked up and towed back by a United States Custom's tug. His father and brother taught the boy how to splice and sew sails and he became familiar with odd sailor customs. After his father's death, De Wolfe was shipped on a sealing schooner to Alaska for a six-months' cruise in the Bering Sea, following the migration of fur seals. On his return to San Francisco he re-shipped on another sealing schooner as second mate. Later on, he was engaged on a number of hay scows plying between San Francisco and Sacramento River points. Next he worked as boatman in San Francisco for a number of business parties of the drumming (soliciting) class. His duty was to make a cruise out of the Golden Gate to the Farallones and watch for incoming ships from the far East with the object of getting aboard and soliciting business for a grocery store or a meat market. It was a hazardous job, because it was dangerous to have the boat hooked onto a ship in a rough sea when towed by a fast and powerful tug. Another man who worked with De Wolfe had to catch the swinging Jacob's ladder and shin up with alacrity. While the man was aboard, De Wolfe remained in the boat towed astern, his boat rocking and bobbing up and down. At present this business is prohibited by the Federal Government.

For some time, he used to work in San Francisco as a boarding house runner to get sailors in. He had lots of experience in assisting other men to sign up or Shanghai green hands and drugged sailors on to whalers. This was not regarded as an un-

worthy occupation; a number of rich fathers even paid them a good sum for sending their erring sons to sea this way.

Lately, in about the year 1895, De Wolfe, while at Tiburon, chanced to think of clamdigging and dealing as a business. He started it right and stuck to it through thick and thin. As he monopolized the business solely, he made Tiburon his home. His work increased and he had regular customers. Besides, he got extra orders from the Yacht Club and other parties whenever they wanted clams. He was nicknamed "Clammy." He bought yachts and boats. He also bought a big boat-house from Billy Murphy, the Austrian light-weight boxer. Some deaf men, learning of his whereabouts, enjoyed visiting him. He is broad-shouldered and deep chested and wiry of muscle, with a closely shaven face indicating strong character. He has often given exhibitions of sparring. In favorable seasons he has taken parties out in boats to Mile Rock and Bolinas Bay fishing. He is a sure hand in rowing. For years he held the championship for heavy weight rowing in the vicinity of Tiburon, having won a number of trophies. He can handle his boat in rough water. There are but few other boatmen who dare to go either through or across Raccoon Straits in bad weather. So he has been variously nicknamed "Professional Dummy" and "King of Raccoon Straits" and "Captain Joe."

In 1900 he visited the school for the first time in fifteen years. He happened upon some boys at play on a horizontal bar. To humor them, as well as himself, he took off his coat and betook himself to the bar without effort and went through three stunts which were enough to make the boys' eyes and mouths open with wonder. Two weeks before his visit he, while out in a boat, saw an Italian fisherman signalling for help. He went to the

rescue, but a big sea-lion, which was causing the trouble, attacked De Wolfe. The fisherman fled for his life, thus shirking the fight. De Wolfe alone had to fight the fierce sea-lion and after an hour's desperate encounter succeeded in killing it.

De Wolfe was once a deputy constable at Tiburon, but he had to surrender his star when the constable deserted his bondsman. While he was a master of the athletic club, he started another one at Tiburon by the name of the Tiburon Life-Saving and Athletic Club, since dropped through lack of members and funds.

De Wolfe has been famous as a life-saver. Up to date he has saved twenty-two persons from drowning. The first person he saved was Isaac Nordyke, then a pupil in this school. He was fourteen years old at that time and it took place at Alameda Point. One dark night a big Swede was saved with difficulty after sinking the second time. One stormy afternoon a Portuguese jeweler was saved at the risk of De Wolfe's life. He presented him with a diamond ring. A woman surprised him with a kiss because he saved her little child who while playing on a boat fell overboard.

One summer, while out in a boat on an important errand, De Wolfe saw something black struggling in the water near Angel Island. On going near he found two men holding on to an overturned skiff. His skill helped him take the men aboard his boat and he hitched the skiff to his boat. But pretty soon a signal was given by a government tug for them to stop. De Wolfe disregarded it, but the signal was repeated and one of the officers appeared with a revolver in hand. The two men showed fear and De Wolfe yielded. So the men were taken out. On De Wolfe's starting to leave, he was told to come aboard, too. In spite of his urgent errand, he was finally obliged to surrender. By and by he learned that the two rescued men were deserters from the small-pox hospital on the island, and consequently the officers put him in quarantine. He made vain efforts to get released, but Dr. Kinyon (a man who more than once has made San Francisco uncomfortable) paid no attention, only declaring that De Wolfe was to stay there for five days be-

fore he could go free. De Wolfe was taken below and had his arm vaccinated. He was not easy to make give up. So he was assured that he could go in an hour, but three hours elapsed. Finally, as he saw the sun on the eve of setting he declared he would tarry no longer no matter what might happen. So all by himself, he got in his boat, unloosed it from the tug and sailed at a lively gait toward Tiburon. Dr. Kinyon stood like the sphinx watching him pass, but said nothing. Afterwards the vaccination "took" and kept De Wolfe one month in an awkward fix, compelling him to do his daily work with one arm.

The following winter De Wolfe had a narrow escape. After a few morning hours fishing in Raccoon Straits, he steered toward Angel Island to try for better luck. In the meanwhile he heard a shot and looked around, but saw nothing. Another bullet came, passing through the sail of his boat, and a third whistled past his ear, the fourth through the jib and the fifth through the head of the sail. He looked around with his hands over his eyes, for the sun was in the way shining against him. He descried some soldiers levelling their guns at him. On the instant he put down all the sails and signalled them to cease firing. Next, a launch appeared with Dr. Kinyon aboard. De Wolfe inquired what the matter was. The officer said, "One of the prisoners has escaped. Don't take him out." The boatman said he had been shot at. On seeing the bullet holes in the sails, the officer made a signal at which the soldiers marched out. The boatman rehoisted the sails, stood up and after saluting the stern officer, steered the boat through the high waves at full speed. He says he would not risk his life that way again for a thousand dollars. Before this event, he had now and then taken soldiers in his boat and made lots of money this way. Now the authorities on the island have forbidden any boat to come near the island. After this he became a boat-keeper on yachts and participated in several races. There were not clams enough to make the digging profitable, so he sold all of his boats. He declined an offer to sail to Valparaiso. He preferred boating and fishing and duck hunting. In

1902 he suffered such a severe attack of rheumatism that he lost thirty-five pounds of flesh, but he was still as strong of muscle as ever.

On September 16, 1898, he was married to Mrs. Maud H. Isert (*nee* Gould). They were happily settled in the little ark near Tiburon where two little sailor boys have since come on board, signed the shipping articles before the mast and registered on the log book in the cabin of the "Merry Maid."

At one time De Wolfe came near losing his life at Tiburon. There was a narrow outlet under the bridge and it was dangerous to have a boat go through the outlet with flood tide running rapidly. He managed to get his fishing boat under way. It accidentally struck against the beam and capsized, thus throwing him under it. Owing to a blow on the head, he was rendered partially unconscious. People rushed in boats to rescue him, but he signalled them away and swam right to the boat and succeeded in beaching it.

A little later on, he happened upon a Japanese who was learning to row an old boat near the same bridge. The tide sucked the boat under and smashed it in two, and the Japanese was left spinning in a whirlpool when De Wolfe rescued him.

In 1912 the little family moved to Benicia where Mrs. De Wolfe's father deeded her a lot. De Wolfe worked as carpenter and around the Contra Costa grain ware-house. He bought a boat for salmon business and learned how to make nets. He again came near losing his life. He was sailing along the Contra Costa shore during the small hours of the morning, towing another heavily loaded boat and steering abreast of dangers. Suddenly the lights on the wharf went out. The swift flood tide caused the boat to hit the piles of the wharf, so that he had to cut the hawser and let the other boat go adrift in order to save his life. When the lights came on again, he found the other boat drifting towards South Vallejo. He set sail for Benicia and got ashore safe. He has been twice appointed assistant janitor and fireman in the Benicia High School. During his spare time in vacations and in the salmon season, he occupies himself in fishing, hunting and repairing boats and mending nets.

TRENTON JOTTINGS

By MILES SWEENEY



HE deaf of Trenton extend to Mr. Walter M. Kilpatrick, the new Superintendent, a cordial welcome, and express the wish that he will find his work a pleasure to himself and a profit to the pupils.

Messrs. William Bennison and Reuben C. Stephenson were grass-widowers the greater part of the summer. To expiate the temporary loss of Milady, William devoted his evenings to playing quoits, and Reuben, I imagine, spent his dreaming over the old days when he was a member of the Philadelphia Nationals and several minor league baseball clubs.

Some weeks ago, Charles Quigley and Joseph Westwood, both of Newark, spent a day in Trenton renewing old acquaintances. When they visited Miles Sweeney they found him recovering from a bad case of mumps.

Miss Sophia Stansbury, of Washington, D. C., was a recent guest of Miss Anna Campbell, of Morrisville, Pa., just across the Delaware. During her week's stay, Sophia took the opportunity to look Trenton over, and her charming personality made many new friends.

Vito Dondiego reports a most enjoyable vacation at his uncle's in New York City. Three weeks at Coney Island and two sightseeing around the big

metropolis furnished him the time of his life. He came home a robust-looking chap, brown as a berry, and with not a trace of the operation he underwent some weeks previous to starting his vacation. Vito has one year more at school.

Mr. Thomas Crowell expects to get married the coming winter. Already he is engaged to Miss Edith Hall, of Burlington, N. J.

Just think of it! Mrs. Hattie Tobin over three score and ten and not a gray hair on her head! One can almost say that if Ponce de Leon were living today, and here in Trenton, he could have found the fountain of perpetual youth. Mrs. Tobin lives with her sister, for whom she does housework. Occasionally she walks over to the school, which is quite some distance from her home, and her sprightly conversation is ever enjoyed by both young and old. We wish Mrs. Tobin many more years of youthfulness.

Mr. Charles Dobbins enjoys the distinction of being the first Trentonian to enter Gallaudet College. He successfully passed examinations at the Kendall School last Spring. Congratulations and good luck to you, Charles!

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter, in company with Mr. Alexander L. Pach of New York City, enjoyed a week's stay at the Delaware Water Gap, spending part of their time on the golf links and part auto-

riding with a prominent hotel proprietor, an old friend of the latter's.

Mr. Miles Sweeney spent Labor Day as the guest of Mr. Harry Dixon, of Jersey City. In the afternoon Harry took him to Palisade Park, a sort of miniature Coney Island, where they had one big round of pleasure and merriment.

Miss Clementine Meleg was missing from Trenton for a month, the guest of Mrs. Ira Worcester, of Stamford, Connecticut, a former New Jersey girl.

Miss Anna Campbell, of Morrisville, Pa., informs the writer that her parents expect to remove to Trenton in the near future. The Campbells once resided in Trenton but moved across the Delaware to enable daughter Anna to attend the Mt. Airy School. Now that Anna has just terminated her scholarship at that institution, removal to Trenton will be a great convenience to papa Campbell, who has long being secretary of the Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A., and a great joy to us Trenton deaf, who are inclined to view Anna's return as something analogous to that of the prodigal son. Later—the removal to Trenton has already taken place.

The passing of Mr. Walker as head of the N. J. School for the Deaf left a pang of regret in many a heart. Some of the more thoughtful among us, however, contend that it will be a decided advantage for the pupils to have Mr. Walker more

at their elbow. In his present capacity as principal of the academic department, Mr. Walker will be the better put at their service an experience covering 45 years as an educator of the deaf, 17 of which were as superintendent of the school.

During his long reign as superintendent he manifested humane qualities that endeared him to all, and no better man can be found.

Mrs. William Bennison spent two weeks with her sister at Ridgefield Park, N. J., and another two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Beck, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Bennison intended to prolong her stay in Brooklyn, but, fearing the great railroad strike, she returned home before Labor Day, accompanied by the Becks, who remained here for several days as her guests.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowker and Mr. and Mrs. George Wainwright, of Trenton, and Miss Mabel Snowden, of Lambertville, recently took a steamboat trip down the Historic Delaware to Philadelphia and back. I very much fear that

the party missed quite some of the beautiful scenery in consequence of those quips, jibes and humorous pleasantries interminably issuing from that mischievous "bean" of Mr. Bowker's, and which keep us alternately occupied in wincing and holding our sides. Mr. Bowker is a wit, humorist and satirist of no mean ability.

Trenton has a new addition to her deaf population in the person of Bernard Greene. Bernard is a strapping big fellow of seventeen, fresh from New York City, of Jewish extract, and sunny disposition. His father keeps a dry-goods establishment on South Broad St., this city.

Mrs. R. C. Stephenson and her three children consumed two months at Ocean City, N. J., this summer. Those two months saw them regular mermaids, flirting and frolics with Old Neptune, and, for shame, with hubby miles and miles away.

Mrs. Ira Worcester had a spell of homesickness and as a result she came all the way from Stamford,

Conn., to stay a week with her parents. Before marriage Mrs. Worcester was Grace Apgar, whom all will recollect as a dainty little miss.

Miss Fannie Bass spent the summer on the farm of a relative in Randolph, Vt. Among her diversions was the making of apple-pies. Miss Bass enters the Normal School this fall.

Rev. C. O. Danzter, of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, has resumed his monthly visits, since closing last June for vacation. There was a good-sized crowd to greet him at his service October 1st, which goes to prove that his sermons are greatly enjoyed. Trinity Chapel was undergoing extensive repairs, so the meeting was held in another room of Trinity Church.

Miss Ethel Collins, who has been sick at her home in Barnegat, for a long time, is dress-making again at her old place on State Street. Her many Trenton friends are rejoicing over her complete recovery.

THE DEAF OF CALIFORNIA

By Winifred Scott Runde, President California Association of the Deaf.



It is said that the prosperity of a state may be gauged by the amount per capita in the saving banks. It may also be said that the prosperity of a state may be reckoned according to the prosperity of its deaf citizens. Hard times necessarily hit the deaf first. When all the deaf are employed, it generally means that the overflow of business makes it possible to take care of all who wish to obtain employment. The deaf are hit first when the storm comes. They are gathered up last after it has passed. In California just now it seems that everybody has a job even if it means work on and off. Of course there are some deaf people who are always retained even when business depression is greatest. But there are not many. The prosperity of the deaf of California is reflected in the healthy condition of their Association, both in point of membership and as regards finances. At present there are 376 members, about 260 of whom are paid up to the year 1917. New members are coming in all the time. The deaf of the state realize what a great thing the organization is with its powerful Legislative Committee, which sees to it that no unfavorable, no unfair laws are written into the codes of the state; and its Committee on Literature which keeps the public informed as to the merits of the deaf. A few facts about the deaf of California may here be of interest:—

They own over \$1,500,000.00 worth of taxable property.

They own and operate 20 automobiles.

They marry and rear hearing children.

Many of them are prosperous farmers, a call especially suitable for the deaf. (Amen-Editor.)

No less than one hundred are drawing salaries of \$100 and up a month.

A few enjoy large private incomes.

They are engaged in all walks of life. Some are business men, clerks, teachers, capitalists, contractors (street, sewer and building,) mechanics, florists and laborers.

Several have ranches of one thousand acres in extent.

Many own their own homes, that are a credit to their locality.

They have clubs, societies and various organizations that are helpful in many ways.

Their state association is the largest of its kind in the country. It not only helps the adult deaf, but also takes more than passing interest in the deaf children in the school. Recently the Association started a "Medal Fund," for the benefit of the chil-

dren of the State School at Berkeley. Every year, at commencement, three medals of honor will be awarded the three most deserving pupils of the year—a gold medal to the advanced classes, a silver medal to the intermediate department and a bronze medal to the primary department. Last May the three medals were awarded as follows:—

Oscar D. Guire, gold medal; Robert Mepharm, silver medal; Esther Anderson, bronze medal. In presenting the medals, the President of the California Association of the Deaf delivered the following address before five or six hundred people, Supt. L. E. Milligan interpreting:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—the Spartan strove for the approving glance of his king, the head hunter strives for the head of his enemy, the Indian for the scalp of the white man, the soldier for the Iron Cross and the scholar for a medal. As in the schools for normal children throughout the land this school has at last fallen into line and can today boast that henceforth three medals of honor will annually be distributed among the three most scholarly pupils in the various grades of the department of the Deaf.

The California Association of the Deaf, which is incorporated under the laws of the State of California and whose members consist largely of graduates and former pupils of this school, has decided to annually award these medals to the end that the pupils might be encouraged to excel in the tasks required of them. This Association consists of 371 members, all of whom are engaged in various gainful occupations in the trades and professions, and, who as citizens of the commonwealth, are performing their duties with credit to themselves and the state which so generously provided such magnificent educational advantages for them.

That the State has made a good bargain in undertaking the education of her children of silence may be surmised from the fact that the adult deaf residing within her vast confines own approximately \$1,500,000.00 worth of taxable property. Their interest in public affairs, and especially educational matters, is the same as any public spirited citizen. They are, above all, interested in this school and the pupils that come here to acquire an education. That is why these noble deaf men and women, through their Association, offer these Medals of Honor tonight.

In behalf of the California Association of the Deaf, and on recommendation of the teachers and officers of the school, I present ESTHER ANDERSON with the *Bronze medal* as being the most worthy pupil in the Primary Department; ROBERT MEPHARM with the *Silver Medal*, as being the best all-around pupil in the Intermediate Department, and OSCAR D. GUIRE with the *Gold Medal* for general excellence in the Advanced Department.

The California Association of the Deaf maintains an Industrial Exhibit in the museum of the California School for the Deaf at Berkeley. This exhibit is designed to educate the public as to the capabilities of the deaf after they have left school.

It is growing all the time, and in time will be very creditable. The latest contribution is a bunch of Zinfandel (wine) grapes, in a fine glass jar, that is about eighteen inches long. The grapes were raised by Paul Demartini on his eighty acre vineyard at Brentwood, Cal. Demartini sends, every spring, the first sweet corn to the San Francisco market, receiving one dollar a dozen for all that he can raise. Last season he made a profit of nearly \$1500 on this quality of corn alone.

We are very optimistic about the condition of the deaf in California. All they now need to keep them going is encouragement. Encouragement from the best sources leads to determination. Determination generally has success within reach. If the deaf anywhere are happy, they are the deaf of the Golden State.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF IN TURKEY

The one opportunity offered to deaf children in all the Turkish Empire to receive a training that will prepare them for useful and happy lives is by the King School for the Deaf in Marsovan, Turkey. Here Armenian boys and girls, some of whom have come from miserable surroundings, are not only taught to speak and given a common school education, but learn a trade and live in an atmosphere of Christian helpfulness and love. Girls learn sewing and boys carpentry, and both help in the work of house and garden. It is found most desirable to have children enter at eight years old, for the course is of necessity a long one. As soon as they reach an age and stage of development when they can live with normal children to advantage, they are to be placed in the Girls' Boarding-school or the Boys' home connected with Anatolia College. The school is under the direction of Miss Charlotte Willard.—*The Missionary Review of the World*.

MISS GRACE COLEMAN, B.A.

Miss Grace D. Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, the well known deaf teachers of the South Carolina School at Cedar Springs, graduated from Greenville Woman's College on June 3rd last with the degree of B. A.

NOTICE TO THE DEAF OF INDIANA

Our authorized agent for Indiana is Mr. H. C. Anderson 150 East Market St., Indianapolis, who will forward subscriptions and give receipts. All courtesies extended to Mr. Anderson will be appreciated by the Business Manager.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH

Today is the time for laughter,
Tomorrow the time for tears.
Whatever may come hereafter,
Whatever of woe with years,
Today is the time to borrow
The best that the gods can give.
We can sorrow, if need be, tomorrow.
But today is the time to live.—Anon.



HE opening of the l. p. f. season is usually marked by the arrival of the California News, but this year it runs second to the Kentucky Standard.

One of the New York organizations advertises as a feature of its annual ball this coming winter that they are going to have a "musical orchestra," which may or not be a "knock" at some of the dance inspirers that have presided heretofore.

One good result of being an inveterate reader of the Saturday Evening Post is that one at least can discuss the good stories with a host of kindred spirits. Recently I got a week behind the regular schedule and was reminded of it by a letter from W. W. Beadell, a staunch friend of the column conductor, and one of several willing helpers in the cause, asking if I had noticed that such a reliable writer as Irv. Cobb had fallen down most ingloriously in some of the features of his story "And There Was Light," in the issue of Sept. 5th. Up to that time I had not seen the issue, nor did Mr. Beadell mention the publication, but as soon as I got home I went straight to it, and after reading it, concluded that Mr. Cobb was justified in making the reasoning and the facts as false as the story of the mask. Mr. Beadell had also written to Mr. Cobb, telling him he had better look up the subject and Mr. Cobb's reply reached Mr. Beadell in the same mail that mine did, which brought the following from Mr. Beadell:

September twenty-eighth, 1916.

Dear A—

Your note at hand. "Irv" takes the same view that you do. Because the medico was lying about the bust, Irv. thinks he was justified in lying about the effect of giving sight and hearing to a man who had been deaf and blind since infancy. Seems to me that is not even ordinarily artistic lying. Plausibility is the hall-mark of the accomplished liar. The medico's statement that the bust was a death-mask cast was plausible and acceptable—nice, artistic lie. But would an M.D., who earned his degree in a course that required him to go deeply into psychology have jeopardized his reputation both as an accurate and proficient liar and an erudite man of medicine by attempting to put over the bull that one who had no knowledge whatever of light and form and sound would recognize the beauty of a summer's sunset and the music of a bird-song right off the bat, the moment his lamps and fans were put in operation? I'm disappointed in you and Irv.

Very truly,
W. W. B.

Oh, all right, if Irv. can stand it, I will have to, but I hope I haven't lost W. W. B. from the staff.

Writes W. S. Runde, in the California News:

"The fate of a deaf child is the silence of the tomb and the subsequent awakening compensation of a super sense."

There, I have seen whole pages on the subjects that did not tell as much Mr. Runde's terse twenty one words. As an example of super-condensation, it will become a classic.

Some of Philadelphia's deaf people got copies of an advertisement of a Psycho-Synthetic Method of Hearing and Speech Culture for the Deaf, the Mute and Speech Defectives.

A well-known and prominent deaf woman in Quaker City circles tried the Psycho-Synthetic method of hearing, and the net total of her experiments was a decided pain in her ears, and that was all. Dear Old Phineas T. Barnum, wasn't he right when he told how people go to it for the humbug thing?

And this reminds me that a hoary old fraud thoroughly exposed in these columns, and in the columns of the New York Tribune, is not entirely without believers, for an unusually highly educated deaf woman here in New York, and one out of the ordinary in most every sense of the word, told me that she took the treatment that involves sitting in a chair and steadfastly watching the old "Professor" for a period of half an hour daily for six months—was almost a success in her case, but that she had to give it up before the six months was up, and that is all that prevents her being a normal woman today.

Which reminds us of the old adage anent there being none so blind as those who won't see.

With New York's dramatic writers going over all the successes of the season, (and it has been a season of big successes and big failures) to tell the public that if they see but one play during the winter they should see Pierrot The Prodigal, produced by Winthrop Ames and Walter Knight at the Booth Theatre, you will readily appreciate that it is far and away the daintiest treat on the stage.

Here is a production that will entrance every deaf person who witnesses it, and I hope every deaf person who reads these lines will see it, for never has the language of pantomime been used with better effect, nor more poetic. There are only six in the cast, as follows:

Characters

(In the order of their appearance)

Pierrot's Father.....Paul Clerget
Pierrot's Mother.....Gabrielle Perrier
Pierrot.....Marjorie Patterson
Phrynette.....Margot Kelly
A Servant.....Charles Dubuis
Monsieur Le Baron.....Emile J. de Varney

The first and third acts are laid in the home of Pierrot's parents and the second act in the apartment of Pierrot and Phrynette in Paris. Not a word is spoken during the play, and while a deaf person will revel in glee at the ease with which every detail of the story is made as clear and clean cut as cameo, he will also, for once join in the laughter and the tears of the rest of the audience. I think I can qualify as a veteran in Thespian affairs, and I will say for Pierrot that it furnished me the most delightful evening I ever spent in a theatre.

The music is said to be more than beautiful, and the deaf person will not miss this entirely, since the acoustic properties of the Booth highly favor a totally deaf person, and there are moments in the play when the vibrations are felt so keenly, that, coupled with the tense action one is beholding, we forget that we feel, and do not really hear the music.

Miss Perrier, as a Pierrot's Mother has opportunities to touch the heart strings and excellent as the others in the play are, I think Miss Perrier achieves the highest honor.

See Pierrot and realize the evanescence of the Movies and all other form of eye-delight for the Deaf.

And, speaking of the "movies," Ford Sterling is doing a great work in teaching people the

depth of the possibilities of pantomime speech. Sterling is every bit as funny as Chaplin or Arbuckle, and gets over his points better than either of them. With a few gestures he can speak a sentence that tells a story, without any doubt as to what he is saying. And Sterling is coming into his own, as he deserves. It has often seemed to me that Sterling must have some knowledge of the sign language as we use it, for it seems almost impossible for one without that knowledge to be as graphic as he is, and if you will notice, you will see that the other comedians he is working with imitate him with the result that the picture becomes a delightful pantomime.

Again a little about the "Frats," always an interesting topic. At the present writing nearly 2400 members all in good standing. They keep joining in a constant stream. There are more than 50 Divisions. On Sept. 1st the treasury had \$106,655.50, and there was considerably over a million and a half insurance in effect. The receipts from the Divisions for the single month of August were \$3,124.25. Fraternalism is growing and spreading with a healthy growth and a widening spread.

Cementing a bond of brotherhood among the deaf that is unique and without precedent, was never better exemplified than it was in a Labor Day outing covering three days that had been engineered by Albany Division, and that means largely by Arthur Theodore Bailey, a big name on a little fellow who does things. Everybody admires the fellow who does things, and if he is a little fellow, so much the more the glory for him. Down here in New York, we select a committee of five or seven or nine, to hire a park for an afternoon, or a ball room for an evening within a five cent fare access, and we get away with a successful affair. Bailey lives in Schenectady, which isn't a suburb of any other place by any means, yet his influence extends in every direction from his town. He is President of Albany Division of the Frats, and when they entertained the Grand President last summer, the banquet menu bore an American Flag in vivid colors. That's Bailey style. Another menu covering a similar affair had no flag, but in its stead had the names of the nine members of the Dinner Committee. Not Bailey style by any manner of means. Others charter a park for an afternoon, Bailey not only charts a park, and a whole house, both for three days, and not only manages, bosses and provides, but does all the preliminary booming that is going to assure his Division the profit it deserves.

Labor Day, and the two days preceding, the persuasiveness of Bailey enticed a great gathering of Frats and their wives and sweethearts, sisters, cousins and aunts to Sacandaga, one of the fairy realms of the Adirondacks and in the foot-hills of that territory. It cost Albany and Utica Frats a full two-dollar bill to reach, and a great deal more, of course to the New Jersey and Brooklyn pilgrims. Besides arranging for a cook-tent and dining facilities, what does Bailey do but hire a whole cottage, the owners of which had left for the season, and thereby furnish very desirable sleeping quarters for twenty. It has grown cold. Blankets are needed. Bailey gets them. Towels, soaps and other toilet necessities have been put away by the cottage owner but the resourceful Bailey goes out and everything needed is brought in. And on top of all the big outlay and the big risk, Albany Division casts up accounts and find itself a winner.

Time and time again I have passed Fonda on

the N. Y. Central, and often wondered what sort of territory the Fonda, Gloversville and Johnstown R'y. opened up to the explorer. I found out on my visit to Sacandaga. The F. J. & G. is a trolley or a steam line according to the hour of the day. It gives Johnstown and Gloversville access to the world. We had it trolley going and steam returning. The "We" includes Brothers Shea and Bowers. The first named is State Organizer for Eastern New York, and Bowers and I just a pair of "has-been" Presidents of Brooklyn Division going along as escort to the S. O. Shea was the big show of the Sacandaga gathering, not merely by right of his office, but because when he puts his heart in a project for the N. F. S. D., that thing is going through, depend upon it.

Johnstown is a "gem" of a town, and as we are on the trolley we go through the heart of it. "Quaint" describes it accurately. A restful little city that one, having accumulated his pile in the world would seek as a haven "far from the madding crowd," but not too far.

And, fifteen minutes afterward Gloversville. Aptly named for there are 200 factories devoted

to making gloves and making glove-makers' machinery and raw-stock preparatory requisites. Little factories—big factories—world-wide known names—"Fownes," "Meyers," "Dents" and so on. Gloves we always believed came from England or from Germany, all, with the American article produced in Gloversville. And, too, Gloversville among other hosteleries prides itself on the Windsor Hotel, and its famous "grill," where we had our Sunday dinner that was as fine as Broadway's best, and far superior to the previous meal on a N. Y. Central dining car.

And then, by steam train to Sacandaga!

Take a section of Chautauqua, add four blocks of Atlantic City west of the board walk; mix well with the heart of Ocean Grove, cutting out the auditorium, pour in the whole of the territory bordering on Lake Manawa out at Council Bluffs, then plant trees everywhere and you have a crude idea of Sacandaga. Just a mile north begins the restricted portion of the Adirondack preserve where the deer, bear and smaller game are still hunted and the sportsman finds his paradise. And the evening before Labor Day we gathered in a great circle, around a big oil

heater and listened to Charles Miller, a veteran deaf sportsman, tell of his prowess as a hunter and of the deer, bears and wolves he had killed. Nothing of braggadocio; nothing of self-praise, just a thrilling recital of the dangers and the triumphs and the deprivations of the game the hunter plays. Not only as a hunter, but as a trapper and fisherman is Mr. Miller famous but he has literally at his finger ends all the lore of the hunter and an intimate knowledge of the habits of the creatures he hunted, either for their fur or their flesh for its food value.

And that reminds me, the Publisher and myself on our 34th annual holiday, sat us down to rest by the placid Delaware a few miles above the Water Gap, and quite near Buckwood Inn, where the mountains on both the Jersey and Pennsylvania side tower high. Suddenly there appeared from the shrubbery an animal as big as a good sized cat. He wasn't afraid—and he eyed us to his heart's content. The publisher had a kodak in his lap but hadn't the presence of mind to "snap" our visitor. Experts tell us it was a woodchuck.

NEW JERSEY PICK-UPS

The following engagements are announced: Peter W. Pace to Miss Vallie R. Gunn of Jersey City; Fred W. Bouton to Miss Jemima Smith, of Paterson and Harry L. Redman to Miss Rose Troyano, of Paterson. The wedding dates will be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. George Berner, well known among Fanwoodites of thirty years ago are living on a nice little farm near Hopewell, but it remains for the good wife to look after not only a large family but the farm as well since Mr. Berner works in New York as a printer. Their horse came from the race track and once in a while the old nag gets the racing blood coursing through its veins causing a number of accidents to Mrs. Berner that nearly cost her her life as well as that of her youngest child. One of her sons, a handsome looking young man of eighteen, is considered the champion shot in that section of the country. With all Mrs. Berner's cares and troubles she prefers the country life to that of the city.

Mr. Arthur Blake is back on his old job at the Princeton Press. He is on the night force as linotype operator while Mr. Marvin Hunt is a job compositor on the day shift.

Infantile Paralysis seems to be responsible for everything now-a-days. The blame for the postponement of the New Jersey State convention of the deaf is traceable to the plague.

Mr. David Powell, after several months stay in Jersey City, has returned to his home in Newark. He has been employed for many years as press-feeder for a large specialty-printing concern.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penrose, of New Market, made an extended automobile tour in company of Mrs. Penrose's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Kocher of Trenton. Their trip included Lambertville, and Easton, Pa.

Mr. William H. Poole is an inmate of the Sunny Rest Sanatorium at Ancora, N. J.

Mr. J. Fitch Brands, the well-known trapper of Mt. Bethel, Pa., will attend a Wild-West shooting match next November. As he is a crack shot himself it is presumed that he will be one of the contestants for the valuable prizes offered. At present he is at Lake Pocono on a gunning trip. Mr.

Brands is a former pupil of the New Jersey School and married Miss Lizzie Hartman also of the same school.

Miss Alice Leary who graduated from our school about eleven years ago, writes from Hohokus that she was deeply grieved over the news of Miss Vail's death; that she has been a subscriber of the Silent Worker for ten years, always reading it through from cover to cover every month; that she is very much surprised at the many changes and improvements that have taken place since she left school.

Abraham Bissett and his sister of Freehold have been inmates of the State Hospital in Trenton for twenty-five years. Both of them appear to be rational by one who has met and conversed with them in the sign-language. Miss Bissett is employed in the laundry of the Institution, while her brother works in the garden.

Frank E. Wilson, who was committed to the State Hospital in Nov. 1914, by his parents who charged him with insanity, has had his sentence extended for quarrelling with an officer. Mr. Wilson claims that he is not insane, but imbibing too much apple whiskey caused all the trouble.

A large number of deaf-mutes are employed at the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., of Harrison, N. J., and are making good wages. Some are employed on piece-work, some are assemblers, inspectors and detectors.

The Original Silent Workers basketball team, the fastest professional team composed of deaf-mutes, under the guidance of Hans P. Hansen and Otto Reinke will begin a hard grind soon. Manager Hansen has booked a number of games in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania already, but is looking forward with interest to clash with the New Jersey School team on Thanksgiving Day, providing Superintendent Kilpatrick can see his way. The Silent Triangles will make the journey if the O. S. W. is successful in booking. The Triangles will clash with the juniors and then a large gathering of Alumni pupils will visit the dear old N. J. S. D.

While on a hunting trip up in the Poconos recently Mr. J. Fitch Brand, of Mt. Bethel, Pa., captured a black cub bear weighing 125 pounds, about nine miles from Effort. The cub is a splendid specimen of the bear tribe and was much admired by visitors to Cotner's garage.

DIXON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

One of the best birthday parties seen in the northern part of New Jersey took place Saturday evening, October 7th., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Glynn, 22 Passaic Ave., Jersey City. It was given to Harry E. Dixon, in honor of his reaching his twenty-fifth milestone. Ignorant of the fact that a birthday party was to be given, Mr. Dixon was out-of-town, but happened to drop in as the last guest arrived. Mr. Glynn led him to the parlor and as the doors swung open he was surprised to see such a large gathering of schoolmates and friends. The house was elaborately decorated for the occasion. After a dozen of different games were enjoyed, refreshments were served, consisting of sandwiches, cake, coffee, oranges, peaches, etc. Mr. Hans P. Hansen, the toastmaster, made a big speech and received an applause. He then presented Mr. Dixon a package as large as one's arm wrapped in what appeared to be a ton of newspapers. It took fully twenty minutes before a small box was finally discovered. The said box contained a handsome gold Waltham watch, presented by the Original Silent Workers and Silent Triangles basketball teams and also by his friends. A large trunk by Mr. and Mrs. Glynn was also given besides a few other presents.

Other speeches were made by Messrs. Glynn, Hester and others. The party adjourned at an early hour Sunday morning, all declaring they had a fine time.

Among the guests were: Miss Annie Savko, Trenton; Mr. Otto Reinke, West Hoboken; Miss Clara Van Sickle, Keyport; Mr. George Bedford, Hasbrough Heights; Miss May Turner, Miss Ida Earnest, of Jersey City; Mrs. Clara Kennedy and Mr. Geo. Brede, of Jersey City; Miss Minnie Brickwedel, West Hoboken; Miss Margaret Pinto, Mr. Henry Koster, Mr. Carl Droste, Henry Hester, of Hoboken; Mr. Michael Grod, Jersey City; Miss Louise Beck, Livingston; Mr. Owen Coyne, Livingston; Miss Catherine Melone, Kearney; Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Glynn and the writer and Mr. Angelo Avallone, West Hoboken.

The committee on arrangements were Messrs. Reinke, Hester and Hansen.

"PETE"

There are twenty deaf-mutes employed at the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., in Harrison, N. J. The Superintendent is a nephew of R. C. Stephenson of Trenton.

N A D F R A T I T I E S

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

They used to think the deaf and dumb
Were loco, slightly dearranged;
But now our hour of triumph's come,
The public view of us hath changed.
"That poor deaf-mute insurance ring"
Which once was butt of jibe and jest
Is of-fi-cal-ly crowned as king—
For lo! our Frats lead all the rest.



SADORE SELIG, President of Division 53, recently called on Insurance Commissioner J. E. Phelps, the biggest insurance authority in California.

Commissioner Phelps has a book almost as large as Webster's Dictionary, containing his own accurate and exhaustive statistics on every company writing insurance in California. He found those pages devoted to the Frats and said to Selig:

"Your N. F. S. D. is today the safest of all fraternal accident and life insurance societies in the United States, having 32.7 above par in reserve liability. Our 1913 legislature gave all such companies five years to bring their reserves up to par, failing which they will not be licensed to do business in this state. You deaf men are so far ahead of the field that you seem sure to be reckoned the strongest company of the kind when 1918 rolls around."

That is truthful, fearless criticism by the one man on the Pacific Coast best equipped to render impartial, accurate judgment.

President H. C. Anderson's annual report, just out, substantiates it. It shows 295 new members have joined between January 1 and September 1. We now have:

Divisions.....	50
Members.....	2,342

Cash on hand..... \$106,655.50
Over a tenth of a million dollars surplus, and steadily increasing. Think of it! In the fifteen years of its existence the Frats have paid out:

Death benefits.....	\$28,350
Sick and accident.....	23,530

Total.....	\$51,880
------------	----------

Are YOU a Nad-Frat? If not you ought to be.

Plays Alex. Pach, with winsome laugh,
"Pray let me take your photograph?"
Says Teddy R., with gladsome grin,
"Dee-lighted, Alex., please begin."
* * * * *
"Photo by Pach," is therefore seen
Within a leading magazine."

William Sherman Root, the hustling N. A. D. Executive Committeeman for the Pacific Northwest and one of the few big deaf men in the public eye not already a Frat, will shortly send in his application to Secretary Gibson.

This will surprise many—and especially friend Root. He does not know it yet. But his blushing bride does, and the first time she succeeds in baking an apple pie "like mother uster make" she will swing the red-headed political boss of Seattle's deaf colony over to her way of thinking. For she KNOWS. Isn't her brother a Frat? An didn't the Frats pay him \$5 per week that time he was hurt at work?

Root will listen, and the idea will take root, and by-and-by Root will send some of "the root of all evil" to room 616, 64 West Randolph street, where the busy Rowse will root out the root of the matter and, rooting like the college rooters used to root at dear old Gallaudet, will rush the matter through.

Miss Grace Ziegler, now Mrs. William, etc., Root, believes in "Safety First." Her husband is proprietor of a Union-label small but prosperous printing office in Seattle, and is spoken of as a likely candidate for one of the two places on the Executive Board of the N. A. D., to be voted on for the first time next February. [Little Grace Ziegler was one of the pupils of the first class the Editor-Superintendent ever taught. God bless her and her husband—Ed.]

Is your membership paid-up? If not you can not take part in the first mail-vote for officers the N. A. D. has ever had. Better get in good standing right away.

San Francisco has seven probable Philateens—boys who are salting down the dollars for a trip to the 1918 convention of the N. F. S. D. in Philadelphia—Williams, Howson, Maldonado, Pike, Ross, Johnson and I. Selig. Los Angeles has five doing likewise.

Eleven live-wires from the live-wire state, pulling for the 1921 convention for Los Angeles, should ensure some interesting "stunts" in the Sleepy City of Brotherly Love.

For one dollar David J. Cademartori had the N. F. S. D. seal tattooed on his forearm in yellow, red and blue. Whenever he forgets the password at lodge meetings that tattooed emblem should pass him in all right.

Two years ago Cademartori lent \$30 to a brother Frat, a stranger, passing through San Francisco. Months passed then—the \$30 came back from the Atlantic seaboard where the borrower had struck a job.

Verily, the bonds of brotherhood must be strong in the Frats.

Time is short and breath is fleeting,
(Kindly paste this in your hats)
Better come with me to meeting,
Better join our friendly Frats

When is a triplet not a triplet?

Tage Samuelson is uncle to triplets, one born on Wednesday and the other two on Friday. The mayor of Los Angeles aptly christened them Faith, Hope and Charity.

Things we Don't Believe About Nad-Frats.

We DON'T believe—

That Walter Durian ever sold a gold brick.
That Herbert R. Smoak ever smo(a)ked tobacco.

That John H. Mueller was a Kentucky night-rider.

That the Rev. C. O. Dantzer was born in Ireland.

That George Pinto went over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

That J. Schuyler Long used to give Caruso singing lessons.

That John E. Purdum wears a fur overcoat on the Fourth of July.

That Frank O. Lee shipped as second mate in Jack London's "Sea Wolf."

That Jess Willard can beat George William Veditz—at chess.

That Monroe Jacobs ever called Leonardo Maldonado a "Byzantine."

That Walter Glover ever traveled as the dwarf in Barnum and Bailey's Colossal Circus.

That the Rev. Brewster R. Allabough would recognize the word "vexation" if he met it in the dictionary.

Portland (Oregon) Division 41 is the first to recognize the valuable aid of the N. A. D. and reciprocate in kind. It has decided to give an

evening's excellent entertainment Saturday, December 9, the entire proceeds of which will go to the N. A. D. Endowment Fund.

Such unselfish public spirit is encouraging. "Bread cast upon the waters shall return," you know. Other divisions might well do likewise.

Facts Not Worth Knowing About Nad-Frats

J. Cooke Howard hasn't a single dishonest hair on the top of his head.

Dr. Jimmy Smith has a nice rowboat he is willing to sell to the Mexican navy.

Whenever he has nothing to do Howard L. Terry writes a poem.

E. S. Warring is not the man who put the Imp in Impostors.

If you want to make friends with Walter Glover, tell him he is getting fat.

The happiest day of J. H. McFarlane's life was when he first saw his name in print.

Alexander L. Pach says he can make very nice photographs of leap-year girls who aspire to become "Mrs. Nad-Frats."

J. Holbrooke Eddy, head teacher and Impostor Chief of Arkansas, once looked for a raise in salary. It resisted arrest and escaped.

John E. Crane claims his new lawn mower will cut grass, shave, edit copy, gather eggs, wash dishes, iron linen, and wake him up Sunday mornings.

S. W. Pinto, the Nad-Frat recruiting agent who is walking from Boston to Seattle, is somewhere in Montana. He says it is "a long, long way to Tipperary," on "the rocky road to Dublin."

FAMOUS DEAF PEOPLE

Juna Fernandez de Navarrete was born 1526, died 1597, was regarded as the Titan of Spain. He painted many of the finest pictures of the Escorial.

Prof. Wilson Whiton, a celebrated American instructor of deaf-mutes, was born in 1805. He bore a high reputation for his scholarship and intellectual ability.

James Nack was a New York poet and author of some note. He was born in 1800, and published several volumes of poems, the last being entitled "The Romance of the Ring," which was issued in 1859.

Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Tonna was one of the most prolific writers of the nineteenth century, and her works had a large circulation. She was born in Norwich, England, in 1782, and died in London, July 12, 1846.

Emanuel Philber, Prince of Savory, who died in 1790, at the age of 50, mastered 4 languages.

Jean Massieu, living from 1772 to 1846, was director of the Deaf-Mute Institute at Lille, France. He possessed extraordinary logical powers.

Walter Geikie, painter and engraver, demonstrated such skill in the portraiture of Scotch lowly life that he was known as the Teniers of Scotland. He was born in 1795 and died in 1837.

Edwin John Mann, mechanic and author, born in 1811, was a graduate of the Hartford Asylum. In 1829 he published a volume called "The Deaf and Dumb," consisting of a collection of articles relating to the condition of deaf-mutes.

David M. Philips, born in 1811, was for a time a lieutenant-colonel of the Governor's Horse Guards in Louisiana. He filled many offices with fidelity and distinction, some of them such as it would seem impossible for a deaf-mute to occupy.

John Kitto, D.D., LL.D., born in Plymouth, England, December 4, 1804, passed away in Cannstadt, Germany, Nov. 22, 1854. In 1858, when ill-health forced his retirement from the editorship of the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, he was regarded as the ablest Biblical scholar then living.

—Ex.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

By MINNIE STRICKLER-LIVINGSTONE

WHEN WE WANDER HOME AGAIN

*God's world is full of beauty, God's heart is full of love,
His eyes are watching from the glorious realms above;
We walk the way in silence, but He is just beside,—
No matter where our feet may stray, we cannot miss His guide.*

*We often doubt His tenderness, we forget His loving care;
We fret because we may not go wherever skies are fair,
We cast aside all tender ties and wander far from home,—
Then seek the wide world over for the spirit which bid us roam;*

*But when our feet grow weary, and our heart is filled with pain—
We seek once more the old home-nest, and find the Lord again.*



PARTICULAR friend of mine is much worried over her daughter, so she tells me, not that the daughter has been doing anything so very unusual, at least, not to the casual observer, but my friend is an up-to-date woman, she believes in going in for all the latest fads, including clothes and the like and it worries the fastidious soul to realize that her only child does not care a rap for any of the little follies of the present day,—instead, she is fond of staying at home and pouring over old, musty books, of taking little jaunts into the suburbs accompanied only by her dog and a stout walking stick. She loves to go on long visits to the folks "back east" who are poor and live in the country and think that a good horse and a two-seated carry-all are the among the greatest possessions which one could wish for; she doesn't care much for auto rides because they never satisfy her, somehow, but she dearly loves to sit behind a good horse and listen to the regular rhyme of the fast pounding hoofs.

Also, this puzzling child enjoys the little friendly "parties" and church socials to which she is invited whenever she goes on a visit to the relatives back east more than she does the grand functions given by the society folks in her mother's set. So, my friend is dreadfully "worried" about this refractory daughter of hers; she tells me that she really cannot see where her child got her unfortunate disposition for wanting to do things so unusual and distracting as being "old-fashioned," for none of her own folks ever acted that way, and as for her husband's everybody knew who they are, etc., etc.

Now, my friend is a good woman and a good wife and mother; she has done her duty by her daughter—as she sees it; it has not gone far enough, not far enough to cause her to try and put herself in her daughter's place and by so doing, learn just what causes the latter to long for parents.

I should like to have a little talk with my friend upon the subject, just a little talk, to cause her to realize, if possible, that human beings are not, always, necessary molded upon the same principle; nor are they always cast from the same mold.

Perhaps, in the far and dim past, one of the ancestors of my worried friend had a fondness for "green things growing;" maybe he, or she, as the case may be, liked to hike away from the maddening crowd and flirt a while with Nature; and very likely, this same person was a lover of

simplicity and hated crowds and noise and "sick," and loved to live in the country where no-body cared whether one wore clothes cut upon the bias or not. The more that I think of it, the more possible I know that such is the case. Moreover, I am a firm believer in "reincarnation"—and it appears possible to me that this "oney" little girl of my friend is an embodiment of some long ago relation who, was, very likely, denied the one great desire of his or her heart,—that of living the simple life and still, unsatisfied in the spirit world, seeks to carry out the original plan of what meant so much to him or her during the earth life. At any rate, this troublesome child of my friends evidently knows what she wants and intends to have it.

And my friend, instead of acting like a sensible woman and mother, as she should, goes about wringing her hands and bewailing the ingratitude of children now-a-day.

I am very fond of this friend of mine, we have known each other many years, in fact, ever since we were children together. She is a real good soul, one of the motherly, kind-o-comfy creatures whom you are inclined to feel attached to on sight; she is fair, fat—not too fat, and not much over forty, but just now, I'm feeling so vexed with her that I just ache to give her a good shaking, also, a large and generous share of my mind; or, rather, what is in it. For the idea of her being "worried" just because her girl is fond of the good and simple things of life, instead of the bright lights and dangerous shadows of the city. Because this girl of hers prefers the quiet lanes and shady groves of the country to the noise and bustle of the city she thinks she must be kind of "queer" and seriously thinks of having her examined by a competent physician in the hope that he may be able to fathom the source of the trouble and cure the child of her unfortunate "disease."

Oh, foolish mother, what can you be thinking of that you fail to see the advantage of having such a girl for a daughter? How can you desire her to be different—like the common herd, when it is the latter who are helping to crowd the state reformeries, the juvenile courts and the jails! Because this daughter of yours has a simple nature, because she is fond of flowers and trees and green things growing why should you rave and tear your hair? Would it tend to make you any the happier if she were to develop a fondness for the gay and reckless life of the average city girl who spends her time in cafes and dance halls or racing from place to place in joy-cars of erst-while strangers?

Why should you worry because this girl of yours is good, and pure and true and wants to live her own little way, unhampered by the temptations and snares of modern life. Instead of bemoaning your hard (?) luck at possessing such an unsatisfactory daughter, you ought to go down on your knees and thank the Lord that she is different from other girls.

The more that I ponder over this friend of mine and her fancied woes, the more I feel like shaking her, especially, when I think of the scores and scores of homeless and friendless girls who are at this very moment exposed to the dangers of the cities and unable to cope with them.

And yet,—as I've said, my friend is a good woman, she would gladly part with her last cent to feed a starving cat or dog, and every tramp who approaches her door is sure of being sent away with enough to last him for several meals. She is a member of several charitable organizations, a zealous church worker and in fact, all that is usually requisite in the making of a good member of society,—yet, she cannot be made to recognize the fact that she possesses a daughter among a thousand; one who will never,

if left to her own inclinations, give her any real trouble in this world nor the next, who will always be her own true, sweet self, unaffected and perfectly natural. Yet there are many mothers who would be only too happy if they had just such a daughter as has my friend.

However, I am hoping that my friend may come to her senses before long and finally be made to recognize the true worth of that daughter of hers. In the meanwhile, I am watching both with a great deal of interest.

THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS

"The Man Who Came Back," now in its second month at the Playhouse in New York, is definitely established as one of the "hits" of the season. From the standpoint of straight drama, it is really without a rival on Broadway, so that the producer, William A. Brady, has justification for advertising it as 'the dramatic success of the year.' Seats are selling eight weeks ahead.

"The Man Who Came Back" is by Jules Eckert Goodman, founded on the story by John Fleming Wilson which was published in McClure's magazine. The cast selected by Mr. Brady has Mary Nash at the head, ably assisted by Henry Hull, who plays 'the man,' and by Ernest Lawford and Charlotte Grandville, both borrowed from the Grace George Company.

CAN'T TALK, HEAR, READ, WRITE OR EVEN MAKE SIGNS

A dark skinned youth, in rags and patches, was pushed out in front of the ample desk behind which sat Justices Russell, Freschi and Herman, in the Court of Special Sessions this morning, and asked if he was guilty or innocent. The boy flapped his unwashed hands and said nothing.

Clerk Fuller, who had asked the question, asked it again, brandishing the revolver which the boy was charged with carrying, but there was no reply, so the court interpreter spoke to the prisoner in Italian. The boy's name on the calendar being Joseph Ignazio, it was supposed he would understand. But he waved his hand again, and the court room became a lively exhibit of polyglot languages.

The justices, interpreters and visitors tried the lad in practically every European language, dialect and patois, but they drew no spark of intelligence from him. So the justices decided they had before them an aviator from Mars who lost his way. This formed an interesting topic of speculation till some one discovered that the boy was deaf and dumb.

The puzzle seemed to be solved, till one of the court attendants, who is an adept in the sign language, wiggled his fingers in front of the lad, but no light of understanding appeared in his dark eyes. The court finally had to ask Policeman Schneider, of the Elizabeth Street Station, who had arrested the young man, for advice.

Schneider said the boy was known by the name of Joseph Ignazio, that he lived alone in a squalid room at No. 157 Forsyth Street and had been in this country about three years. He said the boy was a deaf-mute and knew no sign language, and when he needed anything he merely took it and carried it off.

Justice Russell said New York City evidently had on its hands a grown man who had been wandering around the streets for three years more utterly incommunicado than a horse or any domestic animal. How he has existed for these three years, how he came to be admitted to this country, are questions unanswered.

Justices Russell, Freschi and Herrman, remanded the boy to the Tombs. He will be tried Jan. 31. In the meantime the court hopes to find some one to make arrangements for sending him to a deaf-mute institute.—Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

CINEMAS AND "SIGNS."

The Silent Stage Language Of The Future

The art of pantomime—what does it mean? *What* is the art of pantomime? What effect is it going to have on the future of the deaf?

These questions arise after perusing a puffing newspaper article concerning a new cinema star which has suddenly appeared in the film firmament—"Billy Merson" by name. The following is an extract:—

"Billy Merson knows very well the school in which he learned his art of pantomime. After his first appearance on the halls in a crude double turn, he joined up with a well-known circus, and for many months toured the Continent of Europe. He performed in one country after another, having no language of his own. And to make himself understood by the people of many tongues before whom he played he had resource to the universal language of gesture. In short his experience was much like that of 'Someone Else.'

"In the early days of the film, it was taken for granted that Continental actors would succeed better than British ones before the camera, because they come of races more lavish of gesture in ordinary conversation than are the English.

"Curiously enough, the exact opposite has been proved to be the case; for all the best film artists are members of races that are indifferent linguists, and therefore seek actual expression rather than excessive freedom in the use of gesture. Thus, every gesture of Billy Merson means something, in distinction to the meaningless shrugs and waves that make up the stock-in-trade of many a foreign film actor.

"These things and many more one gathers in a chat with the modest and interesting little man, who loves to dwell upon the old circus days, and recall the old showman's tongue; compounded of Italian, Portuguese, and French, in which men of all races—and women too—could talk equally, just as in the Far East all races talk 'pidgin' English."

If I read the signs of the times rightly, there is a great future for the sign language. Film actors will found their reputation on their ability to make themselves understood by signs; gesture will become a familiar art, and as silent dramas are destined to play a great part of the entertainment of future generations, the art of mimicry will be copied by playgoers just as the fashions of actresses to-day are copied by women.

To my mind, there is no doubt that the language of signs and gesture will become exceedingly popular, and, as this popularity grows, the importance of the human voice and of the faculty of hearing will diminish.

If people can go to a cinema and enjoy a play in silence, why should they go to an ordinary theatre at all?

I will make bold to state the millions of admirers of Chaplin, the famous moving-picture actor, would experience the disillusionment of their lives if they saw and heard him on the legitimate stage. The reason is that his genius is the genius of signs, of gesture, of pantomime. His voice might spoil the whole show. What is supremely funny on the moving picture screen might be banal on the boards of a theatre.

So, having arrived at this stage, that there is an art of gesture and signs, there is but a short step to its inevitable corollary, namely, that the practice of that art in every-day life would not only be tolerated but welcomed.

If you are lifted to the seventh heaven of pleasure and delight by the gestures and signs of a man on the film, why should you turn away in disgust from a man who makes signs and gestures for the simple reason that he cannot talk to you or hear you?

Wherefore, my silent brothers and sisters, take heart of grace, and be no longer afraid that you will be ridiculed. Even as the soldier returning from the front, minus one leg or one arm, will be esteemed and revered, his affliction being regarded as a scar of honor gloriously won in battle, so

will the deaf man's infirmity be regarded as an honourable affliction suffered in that inscrutable conflict of nature that goes on unceasingly.—By T. Hayward in *British Deaf Times*.

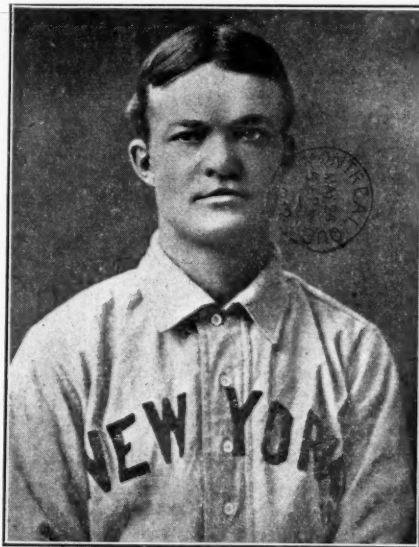
MCGRAW'S WORST PANNING GIVEN BY DUMMY TAYLOR

Dumb Giant Coach Exceeded All Limits in Bawling Out New York Boss Over Paying of a Ten Dollar Fine for Coaching Antics—Finally Pacified.

New York, Feb. 20.—"The worst 'panning' I ever got," said John McGraw recently, lapsing into a reminiscent mood, "was given to me by 'Dummy' Taylor, who used to pitch for the Giants some years ago."

"A 'panning' from 'Dummy'?" quizzed the incredulous. "Why he was dumb—couldn't talk at all."

"You're quite right—and so am I," answered McGraw. "'Dummy' was dumb, and therefore couldn't talk words—but he certainly could talk with his fingers—and with his face, and his arms,



LUTHER TAYLOR

and his legs, and his eyes. Aided and abetted by the above conversational equipment, 'Dummy' sure could hand out a lacing whenever he wanted to.

\$10 Dollars Fine is Cause

"What caused 'Dummy' to 'pan' you?" McGraw was asked.

"A \$10 fine was the direct cause, but if I'm going to tell the story, I may as well begin at the beginning," bespoke John.

"Despite the fact that he was dumb, Taylor was one of the best coaches I ever have known. He was a born comedian. His antics on the line could send a pitcher up in the air quicker than anybody who ever played baseball. In addition to this, 'Dummy' was mighty brainy, and he used his head when coaching. He couldn't yell at his man, as other coaches do, but he wigwagged understandable signals to him.

"On the particular day in question we played on the Polo grounds. Just as the game began it started to rain. The rain increased, and we were becoming drenched gradually. We pleaded with Bob Emslie, who was umpiring, to call the game, but Bob was in one of his obstinate moods that day. He made us play.

Dummy Dons Boots

"Along about the middle of the game we got a runner on first. I sent 'Dummy' Taylor to coach him, and then an idea came to me. I signaled 'Dummy' to come in and hustled him to the clubhouse. There we borrowed a pair of long boots from the ground keeper, and when 'Dummy' had slipped into them I sent him back to the coaching line.

"Dummy slogged up and down in the mud in the coaching box. He faked that he was sinking into

the mire and frantically waved for help. He lifted his cap above his head and held it like an umbrella, all the while sloshing up and down in the ever increasing mire.

"Strangely enough Emslie didn't notice 'Dummy's' foolery until the crowd began to roar with laughter. But when 'Bob' turned around, he saw 'Dummy' making a 'slide for life' with his rubber boots. Bob gasped in amazement. He immediately halted the game, walked over to 'Dummy' fixed him with a terrible glance, waved him to the clubhouse with one hand, and then raised the other in the air, opened it, closed it again.

That meant a \$10 fine for Dummy.

Dummy Couldn't See Joke.

"After the game was over 'Dummy' grabbed me and motioned that he didn't intend to pay the fine, pointing out that his offense had been committed in following my orders."

"You pay the fine—see?" signalled 'Dummy.'

"It had been my intention to pay the fine, but I decided to kid along 'Dummy' for a few days. I wigwagged back that I wasn't going to do it—that he had to pay the fine.

"And then 'Dummy' got mad.

"With fingers, feet, eyes, legs, arms and lip movements he proceeded to flay me. He called me all sorts of names. He left unsaid nothing that could be said by a deaf mute. In sign language, 'Dummy' consigned me to the hottest place he could think of—and he didn't mean St. Louis.

Finally, I broke away from 'Dummy' still insisting I wouldn't pay the \$10. 'Dummy' lay in wait for me the next day, and renewed his tirade. For one solid week 'Dummy' devoted his leisure to 'panning' me—and what a 'panning' I did get. Other persons have panned me before and since, but none equaled in intensity that of 'Dummy' Taylor's."

"Did you finally pay the \$10?" queried a bystander.

"Yes," answered McGraw. "It came time for 'Dummy' to pitch. I wigwagged him to that effect, and 'Dummy' promptly refused. I decided the joke had gone far enough, and waved my handkerchief in 'Dummy's' face as a token of surrender."—Nashville Tennessean, Feb. 20, 1916.

DEAF GIRL MADE TO SING

Columbus, June 2.—Teaching a deaf person to sing, a feat which hitherto generally has been considered impossible, has been accomplished by Mrs. Christian Born, wife of a Columbus brewer, after weeks of experimenting with Magdaline Sattler, an 18-year-old Cleveland student at the State School for the Deaf.

Miss Helen Keller, of New York, the eminent deaf and blind student, is in Columbus to-day to test Mrs. Born's new process. Thomas A. Edison, inventor, also is said to be interested in Mrs. Born's experiments to prove her theory that the sense of hearing is not altogether essential in singing, which have been conducted in secret for several months, but not made public until to-day.

The new teaching methods consists of facial expressions accompanied by piano tones, which the student cannot hear. To date the Cleveland girl has mastered more than an octave of notes, enough, scientists say, to prove that the new method is a success.—Philadelphia Record.

DEAF ITALIAN ABOUT TO GO ABROAD SHOT TO DEATH

Grazino Napolitano, deaf and dumb, and one of Detroit's best known Italian barbers, was killed Sept. 22nd last, the victim of Italian "gunmen." The murdered man was about to leave for Italy on some real estate business when the fatal shots were fired. He was considered wealthy.

A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies, For a lie that is all a lie can be met and fought with outright,

But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

—Tennyson.

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

Editors

WALTER M. KILPATRICK

JOHN P. WALKER

GEORGE S. PORTER.....Business Manager

Published Monthly from October to July inclusive at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

Subscription Price: 50 cents a year invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, 70 cents.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

All Contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for Publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

Address all communications to

The Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXIX. OCTOBER, 1916, No. 1

At the close of the past school year Mr. Walker, after a long and successful term of service as superintendent, felt that a lightening of his responsibilities was necessary for the continuance of his health and activity in the profession to which his life has been devoted. Consequently the State Board of Education appointed Walter M. Kilpatrick, then an instructor in the American School for the Deaf, at Hartford, Conn., to the position of superintendent of this school, but were fortunate in being able to retain Mr. Walker's services as principal of the academic department. The new appointee, upon whom the choice fell for administrative head, has had twenty years of coaching in the work of educating the deaf in schools in the East and the Middle West.

No radical change in the educational policy of the New Jersey School for the Deaf is proposed, though greater stress is to be laid on the vocational training features and their correlation with the academic work, than ever before, even.

Plans are under way to supplement the course in wood-work with a larger amount of actual carpentry under trade conditions, or at least in a trade atmosphere, for some of our boys. Our printing and engraving department needs no introduction to the public as to its excellence. We also teach shoe-repairing and hope to add gardening, housepainting and signpainting. May we not look forward to the time when the deaf of New Jersey may have opportunities to take more advanced trade instruction here, adopting something of the part-time and continuation features of vocational education already in successful operation in the public schools of many cities and in special trade schools for the non-deaf?

After several postponements and long, annoying delays on account of the dreadful epidemic of Infantile Paralysis, our school was at last permitted to re-open on Oct. 2. Though several parents felt that there was

still greater danger for their children at school than at home and preferred to keep them out a few weeks longer, a surprisingly large number of our pupils reported for duty on the opening day and 170 are now enrolled. Thus far all are in good health, and not one of our pupils, so far as has been reported, contracted the disease at home in the summer, for which we may all be devoutly thankful, as New Jersey was in the thick of the plague-smitten region. Perhaps deafness makes those who enjoy that privilege immune to Infantile Paralysis, as is generally said to be the case in respect to sea-sickness. Let us hope so at any rate.

The superintendent, being an "old soldier" and believing in PREPAREDNESS, is more than willing to carry out the desire of the State Board of Education to have the school put at once on a military basis, both as to instruction and discipline, adopting as far as is immediately practicable the excellent system devised and perfected through the long experience of Col. Currier in the New York School at Fanwood.

The editorial management of the Silent Worker will be, much as heretofore, jointly under the superintendent, the principal of the academic department and the instructor in printing. The various departments of the school will cooperate in supplying their quotas of news and other reading matter for each issue in order to keep our readers as fully informed in regard to the activities and aims of the school as possible.

Our graduates and former pupils are urged to send us the news of their neighborhoods, especially that part of it which relates to or is of special interest in connection with the lives and work of the deaf. Regular reporters from every section of the state are earnestly desired on our volunteer staff, and from points outside the state also.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

Those of the regular academic teachers not returning this year are Misses Taylor, Strickland and Mahan. Miss Alice C. Mackie, of last year's training class at Mt. Airy, Miss Amy M. Hales formerly of the Hartford School, and Mr. Edward Ragna, formerly of the Maryland School at Overlea, have been appointed to fill vacancies. Mr. Johnson, our former woodworking instructor having resigned, Mr. Russel S. Butterwick, who has had a technical school training and practical experience as a wood-worker and pattern maker, has succeeded to the position. Mr. Nathan Byer, of Trenton, has taken Mr. Markley's place as general supervisor of boys and Mr. G. K. S. Gompers has been made military instructor with duties as a supervisor in addition. Mr. Gompers is a graduate of the Fanwood School and has had experience in the West Virginia School in a capacity similar to that he holds here. Mrs. Fannie Kibbe, of Hartford, Conn., has been made general supervisor of the domestic department and Miss

Mary Koehler, formerly a cooking instructor in the Hartford High School and the American School for the Deaf, is to give our girls cooking lessons and have other supervisory duties.

ELDON R. WALKER

The death of Eldon Walker, the only son of Ex-Superintendent Walker just after school closing, came as a shock to all connected with the school and to his many friends and acquaintances outside. He was a graduate of the Model School of Trenton and of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. Having begun a good law practice in Trenton, it was at the time of life when a young man looks forward to a career of usefulness and advancement.

He was finely endowed by nature physically; over six feet tall, well built, and sound in body, pronounced by his doctor as having almost a perfect physique. He was fond of athletics, taking a very active part not only in school and college but during the few years subsequent.

He had the happy quality of making many friends. But few young men of our city had as large a number as he. He enlisted in the National Guard and had completed his term of enlistment but a short time. His death thus early in life was felt by many to be a personal loss and the sympathy of all went out to Mr. and Mrs. Walker in their deep bereavement.

B. H. S.

Mr. Anton Schroeder, writing from St. Paul, Minn., says:—"We have a splendid reading room in the club-house and the city librarian has offered to furnish it with the books from the city. I am going to ask all editors of the deaf papers to please send to the club-house their paper free if agreeable. Many of the deaf and hearing people donated valuable furniture as well as cash to us for the club-house. Mrs. Thompson is giving this building to us and in addition to this she endows it with \$40,000.00 which will be managed by a board of trustees. We, the deaf, have been working for the past year to get cash to buy furniture, etc. I am pleased we have accomplished the task successfully and it will be splendidly furnished, but it will take a little more time yet to have every room furnished completely. We have quite many rooms in the building. We have a splendid motion picture machine donated by a wealthy man of St. Paul. The auditorium is one of the finest and best lighted we have ever seen anywhere."

Owing to the delay in the re-opening of school, this number of the Silent Worker is nearly a month late. Quite a number of illustrations intended for the October number will appear in the following issues—P.

"The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hand."—Bacon.

SCHOOL and CITY



MR. SHARP'S CLASS

Some of us are going to have a molasses candy party at Hallowe'en.

We find the study of physiology, which we have taken up, very interesting.

Wednesday was Mrs. Kibbe's birthday, and we all felicitated her on the happy event.

Marion Bausman was the happy recipient of a large bunch of flowers from her friend Mrs. Debi. on Saturday.

Three hundred dresses are a large contract, but the girls expect to complete that many during the current term.

The section of Miss Taylor's class that was promoted to Mr. Sharp's class is striving hard to merit the change, and with marked success.

Our pleasure upon hearing of the wedding of Miss Whelan to Mr. Markley was mingled with many regrets; for we fear we shall now lose her.

Lorraine Pease's brother had the misfortune to lose his thumb, last Wednesday morning. It was cut off by a rapidly moving saw in the factory where he works.

The girls are greatly interested in the Athletic Association now being organized for them. Miss Hales will have especial charge of the games, and these will be a particularly attractive feature.

Among the most pleasant of Lorraine Pease's memories of the summer is his trip to New York and Brooklyn during which he witnessed one of the big league games. As Lorraine is quite a fan the latter was, necessarily, a very interesting matter to him.

MR. RAGNA'S CLASS

Charles Dobbins, now a student at Gallaudet College, was a recent visitor with us.

Josie Kulikowski is thinking seriously of going to College, after she completes her course here.

The party given Harry Dixon by his sister, during the summer, was largely attended by his deaf friends including a number of our older pupils.

Wedding bells appear to be ringing everywhere, this month. Recent mails advise us of Maude Thompson's nuptials, and it is an open secret that our old class-mate, Rosie Hucker will wed in November. Miss Thompson will make her future home in Cleveland.

The boys and girls are very enthusiastic over the party which they had on the evening of the 7th. It was held in the spacious sitting-room of the boys' building and was one of the most enjoyable we have had for many a day. Mr. Gompers directed the games, and he kept the boys and girls moving for two hours, during which there was not a dull moment. At nine, refreshments were served, much to the enjoyment of the boys and girls. It is a pleasure to all to know that these occasions will be of monthly recurrence.

MISS WOOD'S CLASS

Anna Robinson is one of our best ironers.

Frank Madsen worked steadily all summer.

We all greatly enjoyed Miss Koehler's little talk on table-manners.

Elton William's mother died the first of August after a brief illness.

Joseph Whalen has looked in vain for the flight of the birds southward.

The military training is daily becoming more popular with our boys.

Walter Battersby worked in a silk mill during the whole time he was at home.

Mr. Gompers and a party of the boys "hiked" to the country, Sunday afternoon.

Arthur Greene had a birthday on the 24th, and celebrated it by eating two pies.

We are all curious to see which of the girls the new uniform will be most becoming to.

Bernard Doyle probably will be back with us by the end of the month.

A letter from Marion Apgar advises us that she will be back in a few days.

Mr. Porter was the recipient of a handsome gold watch from his boys on his birthday.

Anna Klepper had a most enjoyable visit with Jessie Casterline, during the summer.

The success of Boston in the world series was quite a disappointment to some of us.

Jessie Casterline is quite proud of the fact that she is captain of the basket-ball team.

Walton Morgan is not greatly in love with foot-ball. It is a little too strenuous for him.

The moving picture course was resumed Saturday evening, when we had a fine entertainment.

Miss Taylor has taken up settlement work in Philadelphia. We are very sorry to lose her.

Mrs. Robinson was visitor on Wednesday, and Mr. Carr spent an hour with us the following day.

We all enjoy greatly Mr. Gompers' instruction in foot-ball, base-ball basketball and military tactics.

We have been measured for our uniforms, and probably, shall receive them before the cold weather.

Our old school-mate, Isabel Long, has taken up dress-making, in Philadelphia, and will not return to school.

We are all pleased to note that Walter Throckmorton has obtained remunerative employment, in Newark.

Ruth Ramshaw and Lillian Leaming called to see Miss Bergen at McKinley Hospital on Saturday afternoon.

One of our class-mates is promised a type-writer for a Christmas present. Won't that be a present worth having.

Josie Kulikowski's illustration of what nice table manners are, in the chapel, the other morning, certainly was very fine.

The boys and girls have not seen many moving pictures lately, and are getting "hungry" for them again.

The Committee on Arrangements for our Hallowe'en party consists of Mr. Sharp, Mr. Ragna, Miss Wood and Miss Hales.

One of Salvatore Maggio's principal regrets at leaving home was having to part with the fine little family of rabbits he had there.

The girls are taking a great interest in the tidiness of their lawns, and many may be seen, any nice day, gathering up the leaves and litter.

Our class-mate who neglected to bring a physicians certificate and who had to lay over a day in the infirmary took his enforced idleness very philosophically.

One of the delights of Catherine Tierney's summer was a visit to her cousin Alice. Catherine now spends most of her time with an aunt who lives at Haledon.

Edith Tussey spent a week with Goldie Sheppard at Bridgeton, during the summer. While there she had a number of fine auto rides and trips to the motion picture theatre.

While Joseph Pingatore regrets that he has to blacken his hands so at his work, nothing would induce him to part with the opportunity he has of learning "the art preservative."

Joseph Whalen has been transferred from the bakery to the printing office at the urgent request of his mother, who says that she has a position at printing waiting for him as soon as he is proficient.

We were all greatly interested in Mr. Sharp's reference to the Armenians in his Sunday evening sermon. At the conclusion of his talk we contributed nearly five dollars towards the relief of the starving children in Armenia.

MISS COLE'S CLASS

We all love to watch the eddying leaves.

Somebody has a pretty new dress. Guess who it is.

Eddie Scheiber is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the party at Hallowe'en.

Louis Wenzel divided his candy with Willie Dixon, on Monday morning.

Louis Wenzel thinks that sparrows must be some relation to men; they are so fond of bread.

Thomas Kelly was one of the first pupils to return, arriving here early on the morning of the 2nd.

Dewey Davis has noticed the disappearance of the robins, and says he misses them very much.

Our teacher has greatly added to the attractiveness of our school-room by hanging a number of new pictures.

Foot-ball does not present many attractions to Anthony Cacchione. Perhaps the game is a little too rough for him.

Wanda Wojewucka is expecting "a box of rubber shoes, next week. We wonder how many pairs of shoes she expects in the box.

When Mary Kane writes her journal, she invariably says, among other things, "I like my teacher." We all know what it is a sign of, when a child likes its teacher.

MISS CRAVER'S CLASS

Agnes Cornelius, Pauline Karpowitz and Sophie Mickalanez are "ten o'clock scholars."

Julia McCarthy was the happy recipient of a card from her sister, early in the week.

Theodore Giles is very fond of base-ball and spends much of his leisure at the game.

Franklin Johnson is attending the chapel exercises, this fall, and is greatly pleased with the privilege.

Janina Tanajewska is learning to sew. She is, at present, spending much of her odd time on a doll's dress.

Charles Miller and Antonio Capasso are very proud of the fact that they are learning a trade. Both have benches in the shoe-making department.

MISS CORY'S CLASS

Arthur Rau was a great help to his mother during the summer.

The family of Alice Clayton moved, last summer, into a nice new house.

Jesse is the happiest boy in our class. His face is always wreathed in smiles.

To Gordon Vincent the happiest days of the summer were those spent in his father's motor boat, the Irene.

Our class-mate, Jesse Still, thinks the pig is a very nice animal. His papa raises a great many of them, so he ought to know.

Joseph Frederickson broke a bench in the park near his home, one day, and had to run a mile to escape the irate park-guard who thought he did it purposely.

William Tuma distributed a great many manual-alphabet cards last summer, among his friends, so that when he goes home next year they will be able to talk with him.

Susie Nosanow did her first sewing while at home, spending a part of her time making dolls' dresses.

George Piasceski learned to run an automobile, during the summer.

THE BOYS' DORMITORY

Randall McClelland is happy because he is a monitor.

Trouble in the Study Room has decreased 99 per cent over last year.

Receiving boxes from home is getting to be quite a habit for Parker Jerrell.

There's talk among the boys that our old friend Bernard Doyle is coming back for another term. Lorraine Pease says he found a bat, but didn't tell whether he meant a baseball bat or a live bat.

George Hummel is back with us again after an absence of one and one-half years. He was in poor health.

Roy Hapward went home for two days to attend his sister's wedding. Roy certainly had a good time.

It took Mr. Byer one day to get acquainted with his new boys. He is now well-known to all and a good future overlooks him.

Vito Dondiego and his brother have to live in school for some time. They cannot go home on account of the strict quarantine by the Board of Health.

"Germany" Otten is always to be found reading the newspapers about the war every day. He is still wondering if the German troops will ever be seen on the streets of London.

Louis Otten is proud of being the recipient of a package from his soldier friend on the Mexican border. He has just received a cow's hoof. Louis says he will keep it for good luck.

When Robert Van Sickle came back to school, he brought back everything he had last year with the exception of his incisor teeth.

Miss Koehler, the girls' new cooking teacher, came to the Boys' Hall with her brand new kodak. She took a picture of the boys and they all smiled to show that they were delighted to have their picture taken.

Many new faces are seen in the Boys' Hall this year and more are coming in. It took the boys hours to figure out the names of a cute little fellow. His name is Marcel Szczykalski. There are some worse than that but the boys don't take the trouble to look them over.

James Davison has created a suspicion among the boys. He is now the most neatly dressed boy in the school. His sparkling shoes, clean tailored suit, perfumed face, neat combed hair and his red tie kept the boys on the lookout, lest he magnetize the girls.

Through the suggestion of Mr. Gompers, Frank Hoppaugh and Fred Ciampaglia have introduced the barber trade into the school. The razors and other shaving paraphernalia have just arrived. The person who asks for a shave gets it free of charge, and one look at their victims will prove that they are real barbers. Haircutting will begin later. This is a great help to the customers as it helps them fight the high cost of living. No tips accepted.

On Saturday evening October 7, the boys arranged a party in the Boys' Study Room, in honor of the various newcomers among our teachers, officers and pupils. It was one of the best the deaf ever sprung up in many moons. Nearly all the teachers and officers were present and the occasion was enjoyed by all. After speeches came supper and after supper came games. Mr. Gompers won the hearts of the children with his new humorous games. After dancing, the pupils all went to bed happy and dreaming of their good time.

MILITARY NOTES

On Monday Oct. 9th, 1916, we began our preliminary instruction in military tactics. At first we had setting up exercises and daily added something new. We have also had distributed booklets containing a list of commands for pupils' drill and the boys are slowly acquiring them. Although some of the boys thought military training would be a burden and irksome, they are now beginning to think otherwise and are very eager to learn. When the instructor gives the command "Fall in," they immediately line up and assume a dignified military bearing. Their carriage in and outside of the school room has improved to such an extent that the teachers have noted it and have remarked "The boys no longer drag their feet" but walk about in true military fashion.

We are also to be congratulated on having the aid and hearty co-operation of the monitors and heads of tables. They have put their minds, hearts and souls into the perfection of our military system and are a great help to us. Each head is in charge of nine boys and they give such close observation that it makes it necessary for us to act as spectators instead of supervisors. The boys are all washed, combed, clean and neat and each in his proper place in the line when we give the command "Left Face," "Forward March." This work is attended to by the heads of the tables. Those boys deserving praise and commendation are Cadets Shaw, McClelland, Hoppaugh, Pease, Davison, Hummel, Morgan, and Jerrell.

ATHLETICS

Lorraine Pease is the only remnant of the Silent Workers.

The boys are so busy attending to sports that there is no time to think about Infantile Paralysis.

The gymnasium apparatus have all been taken from the attic. They are now being polished, ready for use.

The hospital is the most idle building in the school grounds, but the boys will probably be kind enough to fill it up after their first football clash with their opponents.

The Silent Worker Senior basket-ball team played its first game of the season in an exhibition game with the juniors. As usual, the victory goes to the Seniors. The score was 45 to 10.

Coach Gompers has a great find in "Wildcat" Shaw. He is a born fighter with a healthy stature. His wonderful stamina and lightning speed are some of the essentials that keeps a football team on its feet.

"Black" Dixon, the stalwart centre of the line-up, earns the distinction of being the first colored student to don a football uniform with his white teammates. His terrible strength and robust figure will be a terror to the opponents who face him. "Black" Dixon outshines them all.

Coach Gompers, the artist of all sports, has just finished plans for the putting of a football team in the field. For the first time in their career, the boys are taught the art of football. Great interest was manifested by the boys during practice and Coach Gompers is confident that he can develop them into fast and skilled football stars of the gridiron.

Table-tennis is now one of the most popular indoor sports among the pupils. Nearly all the boys gather around the table waiting for a chance to try their skill. There's always trouble in picking out the contestants as only two boys can play the game at one time. Riots are frequent, so Mr. Byer ordered three more sets to avoid a relapse into trouble.

Athletics has always had a large place in our school and the usual sports have held the interest and enthusiasm of the pupils, but it will be brought to a higher level this year by the forming of an athletic association among the boys.

We thank Mr. Byer, our new supervisor and the originator of this association for the interest he has taken in same, and trust that the boys will be a credit to him.

Mr. Gompers, our military instructor, presided at the first meeting and outlined the purpose and aim in organizing the athletic association. Mr. Kilpatrick, our new superintendent, gave a talk on true sportmanship and uncalled-for rowdiness. Concluding Mr. Kilpatrick's remarks a vote was taken and the following officers elected:—President, E. Ragna; Vice President, F. Hoppaugh; Secretary, F. Ciampaglia; Treasurer, A. Shaw. Board of Trustees: Messrs. Ragna, Gompers and Byer.

Athletics in general will be the aim of the association and the popular sports will be taken up in their season. At present basket-ball and football will be the chief sports. Mr. Byer will be the manager of the teams and Mr. Gompers, an expert athletic from New York, will be the coach. Randall McClelland was elected captain of the Senior Team and Frank Hoppaugh captain of the Juniors.

It has been decided to charge a small fee for monthly dues which will be used to defray the expenses of the teams.

The second meeting of the athletic association was held on Saturday evening Oct. 14th. It was a very lengthy session and all the members profited by the good speeches which were on the program. The object of this meeting was to impress the members in the meaning of true sportmanship and clean playing.

Mr. Byer gave a good talk, choosing as his subjects for the evening "what is true sportmanship and the Qualifications of a good sport." His speech was backed with many points and facts

concerning previous methods of playing used by our boys in the past years and they had a very good effect on his listeners. Concluding Mr. Byer's remarks all agreed that our motto would be "True Sportmanship" and "Fair Play" and the future would see a great change in the athletic life of our boys.

Mr. Gompers also impressed the boys with a talk on "Obedience" and the Value of Military Training to Boys.

Messrs. Shaw, Ciampaglia, McClelland and Prof. Sharp gave the boys some good advice regarding their future undertakings.

Any basket-ball team (school teams preferred) wishing a game with our boys should write to Mgr. N. Byer, New Jersey School for Deaf.

On Friday evening October 13th the girls met in the chapel and organized an Athletic Association. Mr. G. Gompers presided and outlined the purpose of the Association.

Concluding Mr. Gompers' remarks the following officers were elected:—

Josephine Kulikowski, President; Ruth Ramshaw, Vice-President; Peggy Renton, Secretary; Marion Bausman, Treasurer; Jessie Casterline, Captain of Basketball Team; Miss Hales, Manager; Mr. Byer, Assistant Manager; Mrs. Porter, Misses Koehler and Craver, Board of Trustees.

Much enthusiasm was shown by the girls and arrangements will be made for them to play basketball games with outside teams.

Coach Gompers is drilling them in the tricks of the game and finds good material on hand.

Jessie Casterline promises to be the best all round athlete and under her leadership the girls are looking forward to many victories. No matter what the outcome they are going to be good sports.

Marion Bausman is very anxious to become a good tennis player and with Peggy Renton, Jessie Casterline and Lillian Leaming practices very conscientiously.

Pearla Harris, Anna Robinson, and some of the little girls have had lots of fun raking up the leaves in the yard.

A new croquet set has created great interest among the girls and Esther Woelper, Anna Klepper, and some of the other girls are becoming expert players.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

A new "Rouse" mitering machine has been installed and the boys are already using it.

Parker Jerrel has been assigned to the large press and is already showing considerable interest in the machine. He will have assistants.

The engraving department has for its head William Felts, last year's assistant to Joseph Higgins, with George Hummel and Frank Hoppaugh as assistants.

The linotype operators this year are: Alfred Shaw (machinist), Frank Hoppaugh (Post Graduate), Fred Ciampaglia (Post Graduate), Roy Hapward, Randall McClelland, Vito Dondiego and James Davison.

The printer boys are always kept very busy on practical every-day work. The minutes of the monthly meetings of the State Board of Education usually furnishes a week's work for the linotype operators. Then there is the monthly paper to get out, to say nothing of the job work for the school.

Of the twenty-four boys under instruction last year, seventeen have returned. The absent ones are Louis Bausman (deceased), Alfred Greiff, who remains at home on account of poor health; Joseph Higgins, who completed his post-graduate term in the Photo-engraving department; Arthur Long, who has secured a very good position with the University of Pennsylvania as a linotype machinist-operator; John MacNee, who has secured work, and Benton Sperling, who is detained at home on account of Infantile Paralysis in his home.

In the human breast two master-passions cannot co-exist.—Campbell.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

The classes in the Dressmaking Department are busy making tablecloths, napkins, work aprons and gingham aprons.

Some of the girls brought back pretty dresses to be made.

Isabella Long, Katherine Melone, Louise Beck, Mary Murphy, Helen Lesh, Eliza Smith and Bertha Petterson are greatly missed in the sewing classes.

COOKING NOTES

The little girls are very anxious to begin their lessons in cooking.

The girls in the cooking class are serving their small lunches like very good "goops."

Pearla Harris made some excellent fudge in the cooking class, which delighted the girls.

All the girls of the Domestic Science Department are eager to become efficient cooks.

The girls are showing much interest in the Domestic Science Department. One of their recent achievements was a large and delicious birthday cake.

The new cooking class took much interest in watching the cranberries pop, while making their sauce, but much more while eating it.

MOVING PICTURES

The first moving picture entertainment of the season was given in the school chapel Saturday evening, Oct. 21. Four reels were used, the first one showing excellent views in and about Takoma, Wash., the next two illustrating the manufacture of silverware in all its processes and the final one the manufacture of that common but very necessary little article, a match. Our pupils found them all very thrilling as well as broadening to the mental horizon. The same can be said of the adults present. These included several of the teachers and officers and a few visitors from outside.

It may be of interest to other schools that have, or contemplate having, moving picture equipments to know that these and many similar films of an educational nature can be obtained, that is, borrowed, at no cost whatever by applying to the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D. C.

GIRLS' DORMITORY NOTES

Jessie Casterline and Edith Tussey enjoyed a Sunday afternoon walk to Cadwalader Park last Sunday.

This seems to have been a popular birthday month among the girls. All have received thoughtful and useful gifts from their classmates.

The large girls gave Mrs. Kibbe a surprise party Thursday evening in honor of her birthday. A large and beautiful cake, also very delicious fudge were made by the girls for the occasion.

The girls, sitting room has assumed a very homelike and cosy appearance. There are potted plants in the windows and cut flowers on the table. The large reading table around which the girls sit and sew or read, is well supplied with magazines of interest, good books and the daily papers. The girls have started hemstitching some very attractive curtains for the windows.

OUR VISITORS

Mr. Milton Wimbs, who left school, in 1910, recently dropped in and made us a visit. His home is in Mattawan where he is employed, dividing his time between the home farm and a tomato crate factory. He says he likes the farm work better and finds it more profitable and healthful, as only one cent per crate is paid at the factory and it hurries the best workmen to make more than a hundred crates in a day.

It never rains but it pours—visitors. The same day, a Sunday, by the way, we were favored with a short call from Miss Jennie M. Clauss, another former pupil. She is living in Riverside, N. J., and is employed in a watch factory.

Another caller on the above mentioned Sunday was our neighbor Mr. Frederick Waltz, of Trenton, who enjoys coming back frequently to his old school and keeping in touch with it. At the time of his

visit to us he was enjoying a short vacation from his work in the Roebling Mill, at Roebling, N. J. but was returning to the work soon.

Mrs. Ira E. Worcester, of Stamford, Conn., called at the School on Sept. 10th in company with our good neighbor Mrs. Tobin, of Trenton. The former will be remembered as Grace Apgar, a former pupil here. Since becoming a Yankee she has found a good Yankee husband and he a good wife. Mr. Worcester is employed in connection with the manufacture of the famous Yale locks.

Two other visitors whose visits we recall with pleasure were Mr. Joseph H. Higgins, of Florence, N. J., a former pupil, on Sept. 3th, and on Sept. 4th Mr. W. H. Irwin, a pupil in the Pennsylvania Institution in the old days before it was moved out to the Mt. Airy site. He lives in Camden, N. J., and is employed as an inspector or foreman of car cleaners there. He says that the work might be considered dangerous for a deaf man, as he has to pass among cars that are moving about him all the time, but that he has never met with an accident of any kind during his work.

Messrs. Carl Kutzer, of Chester, Pa., and Elmer Mock, of Philadelphia, both former Mt. Airy pupils were interested and interesting visitors at the boys' Athletic Association and election of officers on October 8.

Miss James, one of the teachers at the Hartford School, stayed with us over night on Oct. 10th as a guest of Miss Hales, on her way from her home in Philadelphia to Hartford to resume school work. Her familiar smile cheered up all her old friends and made them think of the good old days when the world was young and care free.

Beatrice Forsman has written, we very much regret to say, that she cannot return to school this fall as her father is an invalid and she has to stay at home and help her mother. She hopes to be able to come after New Years.

The new pupils enrolled thus far are Dolly Carigan, Alma Clatts, Elinor Dwyer, Marion Gronkowski, Marcel Szczykalski, Joseph Pingitore, Douglas Richards, Frank King, Raphael Cannizzaro and Margerito Ognibene.

They are all bright jolly little folks and we find them very interesting.

MRS. WILLIAM REYMANN SUSTAINS SEVERE LACERATIONS—DRESS IS TORN TO SHREDS

Mrs. William Reymann, of North White Lake, N. Y., wife of W. H. Reymann, the barber, was struck and painfully injured by and automobile while she was walking on the road near the Hotel Empire, White Lake, last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Reymann, who is a deaf-mute, always was cautious in walking along the road, because of her inability to hear approaching vehicles. According to an eye witness, Mrs. Reymann was well out on the side of the road when struck by the car.

The driver of the machine is asserted to have put on power after seeing that he had struck the woman, and drove rapidly away. The eye witness had presence of mind enough to secure the number of the machine, and through the office of the secretary of State, an effort will be made to bring the man to justice.

Mrs. Reymann sustained painful lacerations, and her dress was torn to shreds.—*Liberty Register*, Aug. 25, 1916.

HONOR GIVEN

Abel's Photographic Weekly, has a very flattering notice of a photograph made by Photographer F. P. Fawcner, of Cairo.

It is in regard to a photograph made and sent by Mr. Fawcner to the Photographers' Association of America, which met in convention at Cleveland, Ohio, recently. This picture entitled, "The Purveyors" was entered in the Interpretative Class. The article, in part, is as follows:

"There was one picture that was an interpretation of the title, which was Religion, Art Sustenance. It was a photograph of a street and Religion was represented by a church in the centre of the background, Art was depicted in a statue of the wrestlers at the entrance of a park and Sustenance by the push-cart of the banana peddler in the foreground. This was one of the best as regards the interpretations of a title.

The above was written by Mr. B. Hammer Crough-ton, president of the board of judges at the convention, who is one of the foremost art critics in the country. This picture is now on display in the entrance show case of the Fawcner Studio, 807 Washington Avenue and should be recognized by all citizens.—*Cairo Herald*.

FORMER KNOXVILLIAN IS MEXICAN LOOTERS' PREY.

To be singled out, of all the business houses in the town of Cananea, Mexico, as the object of looters, was the experience of D. O. Watson, a former Knoxville, who conducts a saddlery in the mining town, according to an account received by his brother Dan C. Watson, a South Knoxville farmer. The unfortunate victim, his wife, and two of his three children are deaf, they informed the United States counsel of the affair but the looters returned again to the place at 10 o'clock the same morning.

The looting of the Watson saddlery establishment took place Thursday morning about 3:30 o'clock. Though the American did not know the looters, they, apparently, knew him for they made no effort to talk to either him or his wife and used the sign language in making their demands. The former Knoxville lost everything they had on the place, including saddles, chaps, tools, considerable cash, several checks, a gold watch and everything else of value around the place. In entering the shop they found Mrs. Watson asleep in the second room. The looters entered and ordered her to open the safe. At first she refused to comply with their demands. They leveled their guns at her and, using the sign language, said they would shoot. For her children she opened the safe and the looters proceeded to ransack the place.

The looters are supposed to be sympathizers of Maytorena, but had no connection with the governor of Sonora. They were the same bandits who entered Cananea the same night and made the day hideous for the residents of the town. Watson intends to take the matter up with the Arizona governor, in which state he and his family have just sought refuge, and seek remuneration for their losses. He also intends to take the matter up with the state department at Washington and tell that department of his appeal to the officers at the Mexico mining town and to the consul.—*Knoxville Sentinel*, October 11.

THE MINISTER WAS PUZZLED

At a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Georgia, when the minister said in a solemn tone: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" instead of the woman answering for herself a gruff man's voice answered, "I will."

The minister looked up very much perplexed and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered, "I will."

Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the gentlemen at the end of the row said:

"She is deaf. I am answering for her."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

AWARDS MEDALS

Mr. Winfield Runde, writing from Berkeley, Cal., says:

"I believe that the California Association of the Deaf is the only State Association that awards medals to pupils of the state school. As a teacher I can say that it has helped discipline wonderfully."

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

TIME TO RISE

A Birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill.
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Aint you shamed, you sleepy-head!"

This is fall.
The weather is cool and pleasant.
The sun is bright.
The leaves are turning yellow.
The apples are ripe.
The grapes are ripe.
The nuts are ripe.
The corn is almost ripe.
The farmers will gather the corn.

We cannot see the wind, but we see what it does.

Everybody likes to watch the waves on the ocean.

What causes the waves? The wind. If you blow into a pan of water you will make tiny waves. Try it some time.

Did you ever see the wind blow over a field of wheat or oats? It is a beautiful thing to see.

We all like to watch the trees and the grass when the wind blows.

OUR FLAG

Our flag is red, white and blue.
It has seven red stripes.
It has six white stripes.
It has a blue field.
It has many white stars in the blue field.
Our flag is beautiful.
We love our flag.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By Mary R. Wood

Christopher Columbus lived long ago. He was born at Genoa, Italy. His father was a wool-comber. Columbus did not wish to be a wool-comber. He wished to be a sailor so his father sent him to school where he could study geography and map drawing.

Columbus was only fourteen years old when he first went to sea. Then he made maps and globes. He decided to cross the Atlantic Ocean when he was grown up.

When Columbus was living, people did not know that the earth was round. They thought it was flat. They only knew about Europe, Asia and a small part of Africa.

The Atlantic Ocean was called the "Sea of Darkness" because people did not know anything about it. They believed that monsters lived in it, so they were afraid to cross it. But Columbus was not afraid. He wanted to find a short way to Asia where the people of Europe bought spices, gold, linen, silks and many beautiful things. He thought that he could reach Asia if he sailed to the west. He did not know that America was in the way.

Columbus needed money, ships and sailors to take this long voyage. He was very poor, so he went to the King of Portugal and asked him to help him, but the king refused. Then Columbus went to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain and asked them to help him. He waited seven years in Spain but the king did not help him. But some wise men advised Queen Isabella to listen to Columbus. She sold her jewels and gave the money to Columbus. She gave three small ships to him. They were the "Santa Maria", the "Pinta" and the "Mina."

Columbus' wife was dead so he put his little son in a convent and the monks took care of the little boy while his father was away.

Christopher Columbus sailed from Spain. In a little while the sailors were frightened. They wanted to go back to Spain, but Columbus would not return so they planned to kill him. They hated him and gave him much trouble, but after awhile they saw land. It was an island. Columbus called it San Salvador. There were many people living on the island. They were naked and they had copper-color skin. Columbus called them Indians because he thought he had found an island near India.

Columbus crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and on October 12, 1492, he discovered the world.

Columbus returned to Spain. The people were glad to see him. They shouted and rang the church bells. They said that Columbus was a very great man.

Columbus took six Indians to Spain. They were painted and they wore bright feathers in their hair. He took beautiful birds, plants, gold and silver to the king and Queen of Spain. They were very much pleased.

Columbus went to the New World four times. A jealous man who lived there arrested him and put chains on him.

Then he sent him back to Spain. But the King and Queen were very angry and they set him free.

Columbus lived to be an old man. He was very sick and poor. He had no home. He died and he was buried in Spain.

Christopher Columbus never knew that he had discovered the New World. He believed that he had found a short way to Asia.

October 12th is Columbus Day.

Christopher Columbus was born at _____. His father was a _____. He sent Columbus to school where he could study _____ and _____ because he wished to be a _____. Columbus wished to cross the _____. When he was _____ years old, he went to _____. He was very _____ so the Queen of _____ gave _____ and _____ to him. On _____ Columbus discovered the _____.

COLUMBUS

A long time ago, there lived a little boy named Columbus.

He lived in Italy.

He liked to play near the water.

He liked to sail his toy ships.

The people thought the earth was flat.

Columbus thought it was round.

He said that when he grew to be a man he would find out.

He got three ships.

He started to sail around the world

For days he saw nothing but water

At last he saw birds.

Then he saw land.

He thought the land was India.

It was not India.

It was America.

BE CAREFUL.

"Be careful in what you think,
Be careful in what you say,
Be careful in what you do,
And you'll have a happy day."

A SMALL GIRL'S HALLOWE'EN CHARM

They told me that on Halowe'en
You'd find out whom you'd marry
If you'd walked backward down stairs
And watch the glass you'd carry.

And so I got up out of bed
Just as the clock was striking,
And took my little looking-glass—
It wasn't much to my liking—

But still I started down the stairs.
Afraid? Yes, I was rather;
But, oh, it all came out just right:
I'm going to marry father.

SUSIE'S PET

There were six little pigs in the pen behind Mr. Gibson's barn. One of them was very small and weak and Mr. Gibson gave him to Susie. She took him into the house and kept him there.

She made a soft bed in a basket for him and fed him every day with milk.

He was white so she named him Snowball. She was fond of him. She like to sit in her little rocking chair and hold him and rock him.

After a while he got well and strong.

Then Mr. Gibson carried him to the pen to live with the other pigs.

Susie was lonesome then. She did not forget her pet. She went to see him every day.—Ex.

BEEES

A bee is an insect. Its home is called a hive. Bees are busy insects. They work all summer. They make honey. They get honey from flowers. Honey is sweet.

There are three sorts of bees. They are the queens that lay eggs. The workers make honey. The drones are lazy bees. They do not work. Bees make wax. Candles are made of wax. They say, "Buzz." A bee has legs. When a bee stings it hurts.—Ex.

A DEAF KITTEN

One day, a gentleman gave Katie a little white kitten.

It had pink eyes.

It was deaf.

Katie named her kitten, Snowball.

She called "Snowball! Snowball!"

But Snowball did not come.

It did not hear.

Then Katie signed for the kitten to come. It came to her.

After that time, Katie always signed to her kitten, when she wanted it to come.

Do you think this was a very smart kitten?

It is said that all white cats with pink eyes, are deaf.

K. S.

The sun is round like a ball.

It is very hot.

It keeps us warm.

It makes all things grow.

It rises in the East.

It sets in the West.

We cannot look at it.

It is very bright.

The earth turns around once every day.

When it shines it is day.

When it is dark it is night.

PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER



HE thirtieth convention of the Pennsylvania Society of the Advancement of the Deaf was held in the chapel of Wissinoming Hall, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, on August 24, 25, 26, 1916. The occasion also marked the thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Society. The opening address was delivered by the president, Mr. James S. Reider; the invocation by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, and addresses of welcome by A. R. Montgomery, Esq., Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Superintendent of the Institution, and by Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Secretary of the Philadelphia Local Branch of the Society. The Rev. Brewster R. Allabough, of Cleveland, Ohio, a native of Pennsylvania and former President of the Society, made suitable responses to the addresses. Then followed the reading of the Minutes of the last annual meeting (Gettysburg, 1915;) the annual report of the Board of Managers; annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, Pa., (this Home, though owned and maintained by the Society, is under the care of a Board of Trustees, subject to the Society;) and other routine business.

A business session was held on the morning of each of the three days, while the afternoons were allotted to the social side of the convention. The only exception was Thursday evening, August 24th, when a public meeting was held for the avowed object of commemorating the anniversary of the Society. The chapel was filled to its capacity on this occasion. The Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., a native of Pennsylvania, delivered an able oration, that was also appropriate to the occasion. He was followed by Mr. James S. Reider, who delivered the annual address as President of the Society. Other addresses were made by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, President of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and by Mr. William L. Davis, Vice-President of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the Rev. Mr. Chapman, of Chester, Pa. As Chairman of a special

committee, Mr. John A. Roach announced the purpose to mark the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Society by the collection of a Special Fund, to be applied to the Maintenance, Endowment or Building Fund of the Home at Doylestown, and proposed that those who desire to contribute toward it come forward now and do so. A hearty response was immediately made and, when all was over, the result showed that a grand total of over seven hundred (\$700.00) dollars had been contributed. There are prospects that this sum will be largely augmented when all contribution booklets will have been returned. This was certainly a noteworthy work by the deaf of the Keystone State, and we doubt that the anniversary could have been marked more effectively in any other way.

The session on Friday morning was made intensely interesting by a verbal or unwritten report on the subject of present labor conditions in their relation to the deaf. The Rev. F. C. Smielau, as Chairman of the Committee on Investigation of Labor Conditions, read important letters received from the State Bureau of Industry and Labor, which made it clear that the new labor laws of the State do not discriminate against the deaf, and that any discrimination which may exist is the result of a misunderstanding of the laws on the part of employers. A letter of inquiry on the matter had been directed to the Bureau by the Chairman of our Committee and the Bureau had prepared a formal answer to it, and then had caused both the letter and the answer to be published in all the leading newspapers of the State in the effort to correct misunderstandings of the law. The rest of the report contained the Chairman's personal observations and deductions of conditions of the deaf, given from memory.

As bearing upon the same subject, the Rev. B. R. Allabough, of Cleveland, Ohio, read an excellent paper on "Employment of the Deaf in Civil Service and Other Positions." As might be expected, the liveliness of the subject caused a lively discussion that consumed almost the entire morning.

Friday afternoon, about one hundred members took a trip to the Home in Doylestown by trolley. The management gave them a hearty welcome; supper was provided, and soon after that the people

began to leave in order to get time to stop off a few hours at beautiful Willow Grove on the way back to Mt. Airy.

The last session of the Convention, on Saturday morning, August 26th, was both a busy and interesting one. Some sacrifices had to be made in order to crowd all the business left into a few short hours. A good set of resolutions was tackled and landed safely over the goal. Only one was unable to score, the one on the expediency of removing the Home from Doylestown to Philadelphia County; but, as that one was intended mainly as a "feeler," nothing was lost by the result. The four members of the Board of Managers elected were James S. Reider, Philadelphia, Franklin C. Smielau, Williamsport, William Cooper, Philadelphia, and John T. McDonough, Reading. The reorganization of the Board of Managers resulted as follows:

President, James S. Reider, Philadelphia.

First Vice-President, John A. Roach, Philadelphia.

Second Vice-President, G. M. Teegarden, Pittsburgh.

Secretary, R. Middleton Ziegler, Philadelphia.

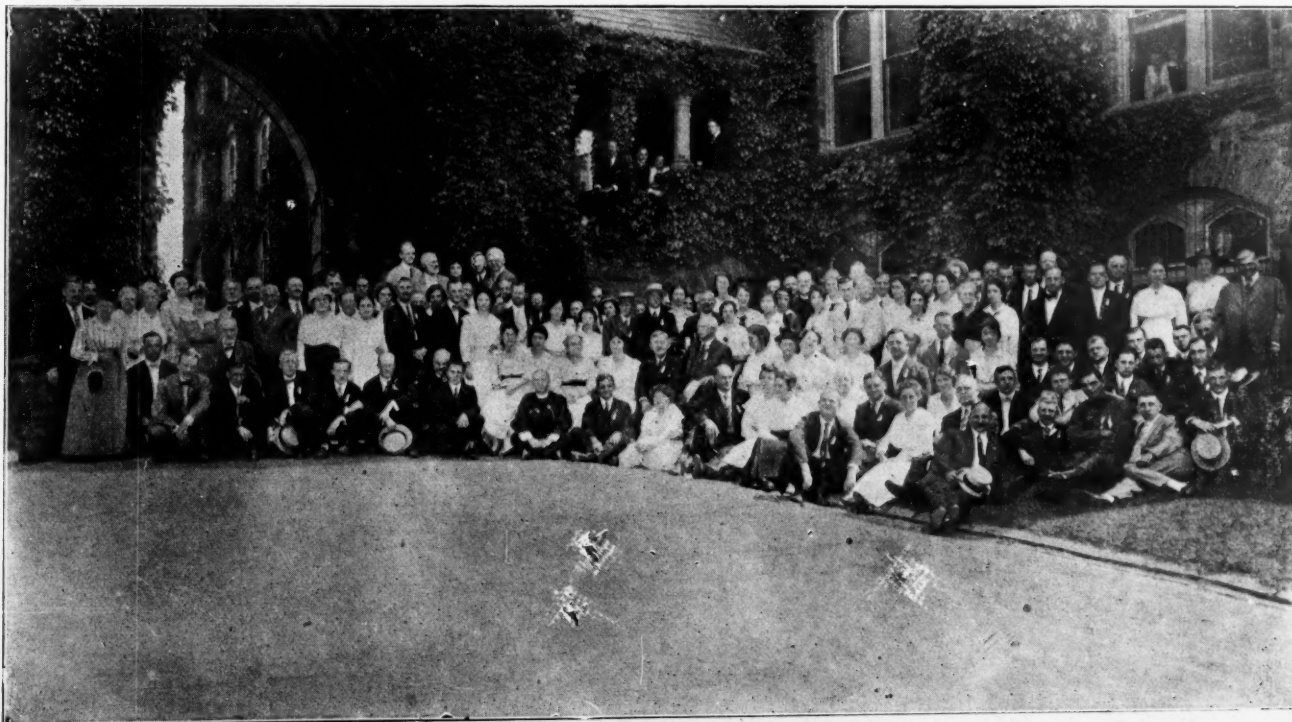
Treasurer, William Cooper, Philadelphia.

Mr. James M. Atcheson, of Pittsburgh, was elected an honorary member of the Society. The Convention adjourned sine die at one o'clock, with Benediction by the Rev. B. R. Allabough.

Sports on the grounds of the Institution occupied the time of the people in the afternoon. In the evening an enjoyable reception and dance was held in Cresheim Hall, which was attended by about two hundred and fifty. Refreshments were served.

On Sunday morning, the people began to disperse in different directions, some going to the seashore, and a large number attending a special service in All Soul's Church for the Deaf, where the Rev. B. R. Allabough was the preacher, with the Pastor, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, and the Rev. Messrs. Whildin and Merrill assisting in the service. A special dinner was enjoyed at the Institution, and part of the afternoon was spent together in a circle listening to stories of the good old school days, with Dr. Crouter leading.

Long will the memory of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Society linger with us.



CONVENTION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF, AT MT. AIRY, AUG. 24-26.

EXCHANGE

"Exchange," you know, means "give and take." We have little to give, but doubtless there will be plenty to take as time rolls up the sheaf.

One thing of which we will never be guilty in our waking hours, is questioning the motives of those who may happen to differ from us in their views as to methods or other minor matters.

Here are some precepts of Tennessee table etiquette selected from the teachings of the Silent Observer. We heartily concur:

"Don't put your knife in your mouth. It's dangerous.

Don't pour molasses over your bread. There is danger of drowning it.

Remember, a chair has four legs. Don't use only two."

That reminds us, while on the subject of table etiquette, of the stockman who took his ranchman customer to a restaurant for lunch during the sale of a carload of steers in Chicago. The stockman noticed others at the table smiling at his guest, who was skillfully attacking a piece of pie with his knife, and suggested to him that they used forks for that purpose in the city, but the ranchman looked at him in blank surprise and asked, "Then what would I have left to stir my coffee with?"

CORROBORATION

Sir Robert Borden, Prime minister of Canada, is quoted as declaring that "never again" will Canada take part in a British war unless she has something to say about its causes and results. Quite different from the pronouncements of Premier Steward of the Canadian.—*Deaf Oklahoman*.

This is all right except in two respects. In the first place, Sir Robert Borden never said any such thing. In the second place THE CANADIAN has never, directly or indirectly, by implication or inference, at any time or on any occasion, by comment or quotation or in any other way, made any reference whatsoever to the matter referred to. With those exceptions the statements our contemporary made are correct.—*The Canadian*.

ODE TO THE BLUE PENCIL

The blue pencil is not only the editor's deadliest weapon, but it also is the public's best friend. The omission of a paragraph, the deft touch to a sentence where the blue pencil annihilates innuendo and eliminates malice. Our mission being one of goodwill, it is an imperative duty to be alert to whatever will conserve the blessings of peace and progress, and to frustrate the evils that lead to discord and discontent. To slash with the blue pencil that which may hurt somebody and can aid nobody, is as much a duty as the publication of merited praise that helps and inspires.—*Edward A. Hodgson at the L. P. F. Editors Banquet, Stanton Convention*.

Eighty of the deaf attended Billy Sunday's meeting at the Tabernacle one Saturday night recently, and "heard" his address through the interpretation of S. T. Walker, formerly superintendent of the Illinois, Kansas, Louisiana and Missouri schools.—*The Frat, Kansas City Items*.

The deaf of Trenton, including some of our pupils, were deeply impressed by Mr. Sunday during his recent meetings here, and their feet inclined to the sawdust trail for life, let us hope.

THE MOSQUITO

The skeeter is a bird of prey,
Which flies about at night.
About three-eighths of it is beak.
And five-eighths appetite.
And fifteen-eighths or so is buzz,
And nineteen-eighths is bite.

—Judge.

SOUND DOCTRINE

The vocational teaching world is moving steadily onward and upward, and it has absolutely no place for the instructor who is satisfied to let slipshod work go with the remark, "Oh, that's good enough. What more can you expect from boys?"—*Mount Airy World*.

MORE OF IT

If anything is needed to mitigate the obstacles which beset the deaf in the struggle of life, it is a good education and a working knowledge of some trade. Deafness is a great handicap in itself; but deafness and ignorance are a combination that inevitably robs life of its joyousness and substitutes woe and want and trouble and tribulation.—*New York Journal*.

A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

The lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now name something," she said, "that is very dangerous to get near to that has horns."

"I know, teacher, I know!" called little Annie Jones.

"Well, Annie, what is it?"

"An automobile."

—*Mt. Airy World*.

THOROUGHNESS

The *Georgia School Helper*, in commenting on this subject, speaks as following:

"Lord Macaulay gives the following convincing testimony: When a boy I began to read earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed, but now after I have read a book through once I can almost recite it from beginning to end."

"Our critics from Europe invariably call attention to our slovenly habits, and to our almost utter lack of doing things a finish."

"Our workmen and our professional men are too often but half trained. We need a good, old-fashioned, revival in thoroughness. To be effective, this must begin in the schools. Every teacher in America should feel that he is called to preach and teach the gospel of doing things to a finish."

[The following very touching poem was written by Miss Minnie May Strickler, of Los Angeles, Cal., some years before her marriage and appears for the first time in a paper for the Deaf. Only those who are familiar with the author's misfortune can realize its full pathos, although all can enjoy its beauty of expression].

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE

I dwell in the Valley of Silence,
The quiet valley of rest—
Where ne'er a sound doth pierce
The longing I hide in my breast:
And oft' in the dusk of the evening
I walk in solitude, apart,
While memories of days long vanished
Come crowding into my heart.

Far down thro' the mists of the valley
Come visions of days long since gone,
There's a glimpse of my childhood's own gladness,
And the music of a mother's love song.
I listen with joy and with rapture
To voices wafted softly to me,
And once again in my dreaming
My spirit's unfettered and free.

I wait in the Valley of Silence
Thro' the unvarying tide of years,
I linger a while in its solitude,
And my heart is unburdened with fears.
For out of the mist and the gloaming,
Of loneliness, foreboding and strife,
A Hand reaches forth in its mercy
To smooth the rough path of my life.

And I know, tho' I dwell in the valley
In loneliness and in silence apart,
That some day the veil will be lifted,
And forever fade out of my heart.
For into the Valley of Silence,
From canon, mountain and hill,
The voices of angels shall penetrate,
And my soul shall drink in its fill.

Till above the sweet song of the angels,
A voice shall fall on my ear—
"O child! who in silence and in longing,
Hast dwelt full many a year,
Thy Father didst afflict thee sorely
That thou in Heaven might hear.

God bless thee and put meekness in thy breast:
love, charity, obedience and true duty.—*Shakespeare*.

Our headstrong passions shut the door of our souls
against God.—*Confucius*.

DUDLEY'S EXPERIENCE WITH VILLA

The Saturday Evening Post of April 15 had an article on one Pancho Villa, in which the methods of that accomplished bandit, free-booter, and border raider, were described. The experience of Mr. R. M. Dudley, now of El Paso, Texas, but formerly of Richmond, Ky., is given. Mr. Dudley was the senior member of the firm of Dudley Bros., contractors, which included William E. Dudley, a graduate of our school, and of Galaudet College. In addition to the supplies taken, as detailed below, Villa stopped at camp one day and smilingly "borrowed" one of William a fine saddle horse, which, needless to say, has never been returned.

The article says:

R. M. Dudley, who built three hundred miles of the Mexico and Northwestern Railroad, tells of an instance of Villa's early methods. It happened before the redoubtable outlaw joined the Madero revolution.

Not far from Santa Isabel, a bunch of his followers held up a train on which Mr. Dudley was traveling. The railroad contractor had one hundred and six thousand dollars on board in Mexican money for the pay of his gangs. The bandits demanded flour and provisions. As they were a hundred and fifty to four, Dudley courteously gave them some.

The train moved on. It had to wind round considerably. Villa at once grasped the opportunity the circumstance gave him, cut across country, and a few leagues farther on some others of his party stopped the train. They asked for provisions and obtained them.

The train moved on. More winding about; suddenly a third posse appeared on the line ahead and brought the engine to a stop.

"Some more of that Villa crowd," roared Dudley. "How many of 'em are there?"

"Six or seven. And they want some chuck."

"Six or seven, hey? Is this all? Then tell 'em to go to—well, tell 'em I just won't do it." And they brushed past.—*The Kentucky Standard*, April 18.

THE VALUE OF A TRADE

There is always an opening for the man who knows how. Times may be hard and scarce, untrained men may be laid off, but the trained man is kept on his job. It takes hard work to learn a trade and consequently the expert draws a large salary to-day for the years he spent in gathering the knowledge that enables him to hold his position. The expert possibly paid a large sum for the privilege of working under competent instructors in the line of work he intended to follow, and those apprenticeship days seemed hard and weary, but ever before his eyes was the vision of being an expert, of being capable of instructing beginners, and that knowledge cheered him on to renewed efforts.

Most of the boys in this institution have an opportunity to learn a good trade if they are willing to work for it. You can't learn anything, or do anything, unless you are willing to work for it. Splendid opportunities are going begging simply because some one wants another job, or at least one that looks easier. All jobs look easy to the uninitiated, and all work is easy to the man who puts the right spirit in his work, but, on the other hand to the chronic groucher, to the man who is just trying to get by, everything he tackles is a hard proposition.

A man is a fool to want another job before he has become thoroughly familiar with the task he has before him. It is only men who are experts in every line of their trade who are in great demand.

You can find any number of men who have smatterings of a half-dozen trades and they are unable to hold a steady situation because of the fact that they cannot perform one thing well.

In the daily task before you in this institution you are capable of something better. Make each successive piece of work you turn out be just a little bit better than the one preceding.—*Ex*.

JENKINS MEMORIAL FUND
COMMITTEE

George S. Porter, Chairman.
John Black Charles Cascella
W. Atkinson Mrs. M. Glynn

Bulletin No. 14

Mr. John P. Walker.....	\$ 5.00
Mr. Samuel Frankenheim.....	2.50
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter.....	2.00
Mr. A. L. Pach.....	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson.....	2.00
*Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hummer.....	2.00
*Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hunt.....	2.00
Mr. David Simmons.....	2.00
Mr. E. A. Hodgson.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman.....	1.00
Mr. Anthony Capelli.....	1.00
Mr. Albert V. Ballin.....	1.00
Mr. B. H. Sharp.....	1.00
Miss Mary R. Wood.....	1.00
Mr. George F. Morris.....	1.00
Miss Bertha Bilbee.....	1.00
Mr. Walter Throckmorton.....	1.00
Mr. W. W. Beadell.....	1.00
Mr. Frank E. Mesick.....	1.00
Mr. Miles Sweeny.....	1.00
Mr. Peter W. Pace.....	1.00
James Carrigan.....	1.00
Mrs. Lewondorka.....	1.00
Mrs. Mendres.....	1.00
Adolph Krokenberger.....	1.00
Wallace Cook.....	1.00
*Mrs. Grace Worcester.....	1.00
Mr. A. Steiner.....	1.00
Miss Ethel Collins.....	.50
Mr. Albert C. Titus.....	.50
Mr. Charles Jones.....	.50
Miss Catherine Smith.....	.50
*Miss Elizabeth Hall.....	.25
Mr. William H. Reymann.....	.25
Thomas Kelly.....	.25
Through Mildred Henemier.....	2.35
Through Peter Brede.....	12.50
Through Arthur R. Smith.....	2.40
Through Mr. M. L. Glynn.....	6.00
Through George Bedford.....	1.60
Through Charles Cascella.....	9.00
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through John M. Black.....	9.70
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through William Atkinson.....	9.00
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	

Total to date.....\$94.80

*Pledges

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

For the benefit of those who favor a bronze tablet or sculptured bust of Mr. Jenkins, artists with whom I have talked say that the first named would cost in the neighborhood of \$250, while a bust would cost from \$1500 up. It is up to the New Jersey deaf to decide at the next convention the form of memorial they desire and the sum to be raised.

Up to date the following bids have been received:

1. Mr. Jacques Alexander Life-size Portrait in oil, \$125.00.
2. Mr. Albert V. Ballin, Life-size Pastel Portrait, for only what the materials cost him.
3. Mr. A. L. Pach, Life-size Portrait, \$50.00. Mr. Pach suggests the creating of a Jenkins's Memorial Prize Fund for the benefit of the pupils of the New Jersey School.
4. Mr. Elmer Hannan, 18"x25" bronze tablet with portrait of Mr. Jenkins and such an amount of letterings to record his praiseworthy deeds, \$185.00.

Other artists are invited to bid. Ideas and suggestions will be gladly received by the undersigned.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

HENRY FORD AND THE DEAF

The Ford plant is going to be enlarged soon to twice its present size. Mr. Ford is interested in the deaf and discriminates in their favor. In the case of hearing men, one has to live in Detroit three months before he can obtain work in the Ford factory, but deaf men are taken on at once. If they cannot make good in one department they are given an opportunity to try some other.—*Rochester Advocate*.

THE SPICE BOX

By HARRY E. STEVENS.



LET US DO IT NOW

Dr. Frank Crane.

For the time is short!

It comes over me today, as sometimes an old and wellworn truth comes to us with a stir of new vividness, a sudden novelty of conviction. Sometimes we awake in a poignant moment to realize a thing we always have known.

For the time is short!

I have no mortgage upon long life. The number of my years to come is hidden in the book of fate. I may live another decade. I may be called tonight. In either case the time is short.

For the time is short!

Very well, then I will find out what are the essentials and devote myself to them. And I will not allow myself to worry over the non-essentials. I will seek what is worth while; and trifling things, that after all make no matter, I will let go to grass.

If I am to have but ten minutes at the lunch counter I will take only the best food. I have no time for olives and radishes.

For the time is short!

I can't have everything; I must carefully pick out what is the most valuable.

A foolish old couple were granted three wishes by a fairy. The woman wished for a new broom, that she had long been wanting. Angry at her silly choice her husband wished the broom was growing on her nose—and of course the third wish had to be that the broom should be off her nose again. I will not be so stupid. I will not grab copper and leave the gold and diamonds in my brief chance at life's treasure.

For the time is short!

I have no time for low self-indulgence, for drunkenness nor lewdness, for the hot excesses that bring long pains. Why should I spend a good part of my little time in regret? I will select the pleasures that leave pleasurable memories, the sweets that leave a good taste in the mouth. I will eat what is wholesome at life's table. I have no time to waste in nausea.

Vices are pleasant doubtless. Opium and alcohol have their delights. Only I have no time. I must choose pleasures that remain.

For the time is short!

I have no time for grudges, no time for hates, no time for vengeance. To get satisfaction from such things one would have to live a thousand years. I have but few. I will find things I can enjoy as I go along.

For the time is short!

I will make every day an epoch of happiness. Every morning when I wake up I will be cheerful; it may be my last. Every meal shall be a sacrament; we may not meet again. My business shall receive my best endeavor; and all who deal with me shall feel they have met an honest man.

I will enjoy my little children. Before long they will be babies no more. I will make their childhood a white tower of memory, both for them and me.

For the time is short!

I will be very thoughtful of the old people at my fireside. They will not be here long. Every day must count.

I will not wait for ideal friends, who may never come to me, but will cultivate the friends fate has sent me. I will try to appreciate, understand and love them to the full. I may not get others.

I will take things as they are, and not crucify myself whining for things as I think they ought to be.

For the time is short!

Let me so use my few days and years that when I am gone the passers-by may read upon my headstone;

"Ich habe gelebt und geliebet—I have lived and loved."

For the time is short!

"YOUR LITTLE WIFE"

*Who plans to make your future bright?

Your little wife.

Who cooks to tempt your appetite?

Your little wife.

Who tells her woman friends that you

-Are one grand husband through and through?

Who's the best girl you ever knew?

Your little wife.

Who pats your cheeks when you get home?

Your little wife.

Who smooths the thin hair on your dome?

Your little wife.

Who looks at you, her brown eyes clear,

And, snuggling to you, extra near,

Says, "This is pay-day, ain't it, dear?"

Your little wife.

—Graphite.

A GREAT RECIPE

"Do you ever worry, old man?"

"Never."

"How do you work it?"

"In the daytime I'm too busy,

And at night I'm too sleepy."

—Boston Transcript.

The clock is going, but it can't get away; you needn't watch it.

A pretty young woman tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was sorting music and in her sweetest tones asked;

"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned around, looked at her, and answered;

"It must have been the man at the other counter, I've only been here a week."

—Doorways.

DEAF-MUTES AT WORK

One of the sturdiest and steadiest groups of workmen to be found at the plant of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., at Akron, Ohio, is composed of deaf-mutes. From time to time the Goodyear Company has accepted them as employees when well recommended and able to pass the physical requirements. So successful have been Goodyear's efforts in training them to become efficient workmen, thereby enabling them to compete successfully with their more fortunate brothers, that the company has received many expressions of commendation for the interest manifested in them.

By their expertness in building and finishing Goodyear tires they have demonstrated that the lack of ability to hear and speak does not necessarily become an insurmountable handicap, for they are among the most efficient of their workmen. Care has been exercised in assigning them to tasks from which the accident hazard has been practically eliminated. That the company has provided well for their personal safety is evidenced by the fact that in two years not one of the fifty mutes employed has experienced an accident. By working them in squads under supervisors able to converse with them in their sign language, their working conditions are made congenial and their efficiency enhanced.

Among the most enthusiastic contenders for Goodyear athletic honors are the football, baseball and basketball teams of these workmen. Not the least interesting feature of their athletic activities is their unique system of signaling to each other.

A fraternity has for sometime existed among the deaf-mutes of the Goodyear factory and a club is about to be formed by means of which good fellowship may be promoted among them. In every manner possible the company is co-operating to make them efficient and contented workmen. This is a very commendable effort at overcoming physical defects and raising the standard of American citizenship and should be duplicated wherever possible.—*Medical World*, Oct. 1916.

A Prize of \$300

For the Best Essays on the Subject of
Teaching and Training Little Deaf
Children in the Home

THE American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf is authorized to pay \$300 of the income from the Alexander Graham Bell Grosvenor Memorial Fund for the best essay on the above subject received on or before 12 o'clock noon on November 1, 1916. The award will be made by the Board of Directors.

Each essay submitted shall consist of from 20,000 to 21,000 words. Three typewritten copies of the essay shall be prepared, each bearing a distinguishing mark or *nom de plume*, but nothing to tell who the writer is; the three copies shall not be folded, but sealed in a plain flat envelope, bearing only the title of the essay and the distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* of the writer. Then the name and address of the writer with the mark or assumed name shall be typewritten on a card or sheet of paper and sealed in a small envelope. These two envelopes shall then be sealed in a third envelope, bearing no indication of who the sender is, and addressed to "The Judges of the Alexander Graham Bell Grosvenor Memorial Fund, Volta Bureau, 1601 35th Street, Washington, D. C."

The essays should be mailed or expressed or otherwise sent so as to reach the Volta Bureau during the last week in October and not later than noon of November 1, 1916.

The Judges elected to pass upon the merits of essays are:

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lyon, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. E. Crouter, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, Washington, D. C.

The Judges will report their findings to the Board of Directors, who reserve the right to withhold awarding the prize should the Judges report that none of the essays possessed sufficient merit to warrant an award.

The essay awarded the prize becomes the property of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and will be published in the THE VOLTA REVIEW and later in book form.

"A Hand-Book in the Manual Alphabets and the Sign Language of the American Deaf"

Is the title of a booklet of 48 pages that has just been issued by a deaf graduate of the old Pennsylvania (Combined) School for the Deaf at Broad and Pine Sts. It is filled with true facts, figures, and anecdotes concerning the deaf, and tells how to make signs used by them. Useful for distribution or sale among the hearing friends of the deaf.

PRICES:—25 cents a copy; 25 for \$3.50
50 for \$6.00

DEAF AGENTS WANTED IN THEIR
HOME TOWNS OR ELSEWHERE.
WRITE FOR TERMS

Address till July 1st: BEN. P. GREEN,
153 Morris Ave., West Toledo, Ohio



FASCINATION OF TRAPS LURES CADDIES FROM GOLF

By A. P. TAYLOR.

Groups of caddies may be noticed at the various country clubs, where golf and tennis have been joined by another sport—"The Sport Alluring," excitedly taking over the prospects for members of their order becoming noted as "trap boys." These guardians of the golf ball find an appeal in the truly American sport, trapshooting, that is lacking in the imported Scottish sport. Hunting lost balls compares unfavorably with releasing clay targets, and carrying a bag of sticks stands no show at all with sitting comfortably in a trap house with the shot of the "enemy" sailing harmlessly overhead.

Of course, there are fewer trap boys needed than caddies, so the wily youngsters are urging upon these country club "gun bugs" the desirability of having a friend "at trap." Now any one who has watched the "clay skimmers" take uncanny flight when directed by the hand of a crafty youngster, will readily be convinced of the logic of this. Hence each erstwhile caddy seeks to attach himself to a "smasher of skimmers" by promising easy "straightaways," though the lad would likely find it difficult to deliver the promised goods.

But as probably every boy has hopes of some day becoming president and sitting in the White House, with the power of establishing a confectionery and jam department, for the exclusive use of the chief executive; so the caddy has hopes of sitting in the trap house, with the absolute authority to release a "right quartering saucer" or a lazy "straightaway" or a "humdinger" at some disconcerting angle and listen to the music of "PULL," "BANG," "LOST."

Trapshooting clubs are increasing so rapidly that the tables may be turned and more trap boys will be needed than there are caddies to act as such. Of course, when that time arrives these various groups of conniving caddies, that we now see at country clubs, will be a faint memory of a bygone age.

WESTY HOGAN'S UNIQUE CLUB

"HOMELESS" ORGANIZATION A BIG FACTOR IN
TRAPSHOOTING.

If you ask the average juvenile resident of Atlantic City why the ocean was created, you would likely be told: "For Atlantic City." But, even at this, the famous resort is not at all selfish in its possession of the sea, for it opens wide its doors for all who care to come and disport in the surf.

Of course trapshooting was not invented for Atlantic City, but, nevertheless, the burg by the sea feels it has a big and rightful claim on "the sport alluring," for the annual meet of the Westy Hogans is staged at the famous Jersey resort.

Incidentally, the Hogans themselves lay claim to being included with other trustees of the great American sport of clay bird shooting. The case of the cosmopolitan organization with an Irish name is here presented by its secretary, Bernard T. Elsesser, of York, Pa.

"If there is any single factor that has proved more effective than any other in developing the popularity of the great sport of trapshooting in this country, it is the stimulating influence given to the sport by that unique organization, the Westy Hogans, of America, whose annual trapshooting tournament in Atlantic City, N. J., is now looked upon in sporting circles as an event of national importance and justly takes rank with other sporting events of national character.

"That the Westy Hogans have done good work in promoting target shooting is probably more generally recognized in that section of the country usually referred to as the east, for the reason that the

members of the organization, with few exceptions, follow their vocations in the eastern states.

"It was in the east—in Pennsylvania—that their organization originated; their annual tournament is conducted on the shores of the Atlantic ocean, and the great majority of the shooters who attend their tournaments come from eastern cities and towns. But the name and fame of the Westy Hogans have spread to every part of the United States, as witness the fact that at the tournament in September of last year more than one-half of the states in the Union were represented among the contestants."

OLD WORLD NEWS FROM THE BRITISH DEAF TIMES

It has been stated that the defenders of Liege were nearly all rendered stone deaf. Certain it is that the terrible bombardment by modern guns is far too much for the delicate mechanism of the ear.

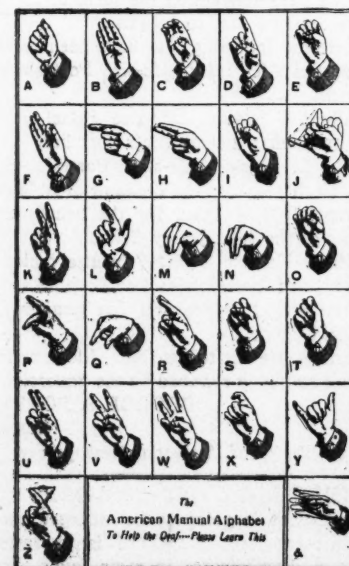
King Albert's father was a deaf-mute, hence the Royal interest taken in Belgian Institutions for the Deaf. Quite a remarkable feature during recent years has been the revelation that so many Royal personages are deaf or have deaf relatives. Verily, affliction is no respecter of persons.

Before the war there were, according to the latest census, 4,191 deaf persons in Belgium, 2,290 male and 1,901 female, including for both sexes over 1,000 children of school age. For these there were the following flourishing institutions in existence:—

- 1 for both sexes in Liege.
- 2 for boys and girls in Gand.
- 1 for deaf boys in Woluwe, near Brussels.

Practically everyone has heard of, or has seen on the film, the celebrated Charlie Chaplin, of the Ford Stirling Company, and has laughed over his extremely funny and clever acting. A movie man says that he is deaf, and that he really uses a deaf sign occasionally, while he does little lip-work. This is another instance which goes to prove that deafness is not a very great drawback to the film-actor, and indeed has its advantages.

MANUAL ALPHABET ELECTROTYPES FOR SALE



Small Size \$1.50
Post-card size \$2.50
Report Size \$5.00
Address: The Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J.

The British Deaf Times

An illustrated monthly magazine -- newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Edited and controlled by the Deaf
**Independent, Interesting, Outspoken,
and Honestly Impartial**

Twenty-four page monthly

Annual subscription—single copies (prepaid) 60 cents. Those who prefer to send a dollar bill will be credited with twenty months' subscription.

Send a picture post card for specimen copy.

The British Deaf Times,

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

The Satisfactory Store Service

That, we endeavor to demonstrate fully.

Then comes the question of quality, style,—prices. Here again, we make every effort toward serving your every reasonable need.

We are ever mindful here of the fact, that our interests are mutual, "yours and ours." And to that end, we work diligently, every day in the year, knowing full well that the better treatment you receive at our hands, the better we receive at yours.

S. P. DUNHAM & CO.,
DRY GOODS & HOUSEFURNISHINGS
TRENTON, N. J.

F. S. KATZENBACH AND COMPANY

35 East State Street,
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.



**Hardware, Heaters,
Ranges, Mantels,
Grates, Tile Heaters
and Facings**



**Plumbers
Steam and Gas Fitters
Steam and Hot Water
Heating
Electrical Supplies
Bicycles
Bicycle Supplies**

Conservative 6 Per Cent Investment

Corporation Stocks and Bonds
Fluctuate in value and are subject to manipulation
Public Service Corporations
Are succumbing to Public Ownership with loss to the holders of their inflated securities
Industrials
Depend upon "The Man Behind the Gun."

First Mortgage Loans

Do not fluctuate in value.
Are not subject to condemnation for public purposes. Are absolute in security irrespective of human frailty.

We have handled First Mortgage Loans in Duluth since 1869 without the loss of a dollar of principal or interest for any client.

We will be pleased to submit detailed information describing our offerings in First Mortgage Loans.

J. D. Howard & Company
209-212 Providence Building Duluth, Minn.

Of Interest to ALL the Deaf and General Public

ASK FOR IT!

EPHETA

Circulates Everywhere all the Time
FIFTY CENTS YEARLY

Postage Stamps Receivable for all Remittances
Address the Publisher, JOHN F. O'BRIEN,
515-19 W. 160th St., NEW YORK CITY.

PAINTS

FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Sold by people who
know paints with a
long-life knowledge

HOOPER'S PAINTS

8 and 10 So. Warren St.
Trenton, N. J.

OUR READY TO WEAR SUITS.

are exactly what young men desire. Most popular Materials and Models and most serviceable grades.

We Specialize in Suits

at \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$20.00

Assortments include suitable garments for all kinds of weather and general wear.

B. F. GUNSON

Clothier and Haberdasher

121 EAST STATE STREET
Hotel Windsor Building

THE NEW JERSEY

State Normal and Model Schools

TRENTON, N. J.

The Normal School

Is a professional school, devoted to the preparation of teachers for the public schools of New Jersey.

Its course involves a thorough knowledge of subject matter, the faculties of mind and how so to present that matter as to conform to the law of mental development.

The cost per year for boarders, including board, washing, tuition, books, etc., is from \$164 to \$184.

The Model School

It is a thorough academic training school preparatory to college, business or drawing room.

The schools are well provided with apparatus for all kinds of work, laboratories, manual training room, gymnasium, etc.

The cost of day pupils is from \$28 to \$64 per year, according to grade, and \$224 to \$244 for boarders.

The Boarding Halls

The Boarding Halls are lighted by electricity, heated by steam, well ventilated, provided with baths and all modern conveniences. The sleeping rooms are nicely furnished and are very cosy.

For further particulars apply to the Principal.

J. M. GREEN.

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

JOS. S. FRELINGHUYSEN EDGAR H. STURTEVANT
MELVIN A. RICE EDMUND B. OSBORNE
JOHN P. MURRAY JOHN C. VANDYKE
D. STEWART CRAVEN THOS. W. SINNOTT

Officers of the Board

JOS. S. FRELINGHUYSEN.....President
MELVIN A. RICE.....Vice-President
CALVIN N. KENDALL.....Secretary
EDWARD I. EDWARDS.....Treasurer

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION CALVIN N. KENDALL

TERMS OF ADMISSION

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions:

The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than six years nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or a mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address,

WALTER M. KILPATRICK, Superintendent,
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, TRENTON, N. J.

OFFICERS

WALTER M. KILPATRICK, B.Ph.,
Superintendent
WILLIAM G. NEWCOMB,
Store-keeper
EMILY B. BURK,
Book-keeper
MADELINE D. HOLZ,
Office Assistant
FANNIE E. KILBE,
Director of Domestic Instruction
NATHAN BYER,
Supervisor of Boys
GEORGE K. S. GOMPERS,
Military Instructor and Supervisor
ANNIE M. FITZPATRICK,
Assistant Supervisor
MATHILDE E. CORNELIUS,
Supervisor of Girls
MARY I. KOEHLER,
Cooking Instructor and Supervisor
ELMAR BARWIS, M.D.,
Attending Physician
BURR W. MacFARLAND, M.D.,
Dentist
MILES L. WAGNER, D.D.S.,
Oculist
NELL M. BERGEN, R.N.,
Nurse
CHARLES McLAUGHLIN,
Engineer

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

JOHN P. WALKER, M.A.,.....Principal

TEACHERS

B. HOWARD SHARP
MARY D. TILSON
MARY R. WOOD
ELIZABETH HALL
LILLIAN A. BRIAN
HELEN HOYT CRAVER
JULIA HARMON CORY
IRENE FITTS
MYRTHE L. DAVIS
FRANCES H. PORTER
EDWARD S. RAGNA, B.S.
AMY M. HALES
ALICE C. MACKIE

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

Instructors

George S. Porter.....Printing and Engraving
Russel S. Butterweck.....Woodworking
Charles Throckmorton.....Shoemaking
Bertha Bilbee.....Dressmaking
Kathryn Whelan.....Dressmaking
Miriam M. Stevenson....Millinery and Embroidery

**Subscribe for THE SILENT WORKER.
Only 50 Cents a Year**

P A C H
PHOTOGRAPHER



TRINITY BUILDING
SUITE 2122-2123

111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

DO YOUR SHOPPING AT
Trenton's most reliable store.
Dependable merchandise at moderate prices.
We give and redeem Gold Trading Stamps.

Kaufman's
South Broad
and Lafayette Streets
Trenton, N.J.

The
Crossley Machine Company

(INCORPORATED)
MANUFACTURERS OF

Pottery, Tile, Electrical, Porcelain and Clay
Washing Machinery

Machinery for Filtering, Grinding, Mixing
and Forming Clay

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

**DO YOU KNOW
HOTTEL**

Sells the best \$1.50 and \$2.00 Derby in
the city, also a full line of fine Hats
College Caps, &c.
33 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.

**NEW JERSEY
History and Genealogy**

A SPECIALTY
TRAVER'S BOOK STORE
108 S. BROAD ST.

Gifts of Utility
Sold in Trenton at the
Capital Gift Shop

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

The Capital Stationery
15 N. Warren St.

Martin C. Ribsam
Flowers, Seeds and Poultry
Supplies

BROAD AND FRONT STS.,
Phone 210 TRENTON, N. J.

Ashmore and Blackwell,
Dealers in

Fish, Game and Oysters

35 East Front St., Washington Market
TRENTON, N. J.

STOLL'S

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,
SPORTING GOODS & GAMES
OUTDOOR SPORTS
AND AMUSEMENTS.

30 East State St., Trenton, N. J.

COMPLIMENTS OF

**WILSON and STOKES
Lumber Co.**

Bell Phone 3620 Inter State Phone 147
TRENTON, N. J.

Go to
WM. CONVERY & SONS
129 North Broad St.,
and see the largest line of Furniture
and Carpets in this city.